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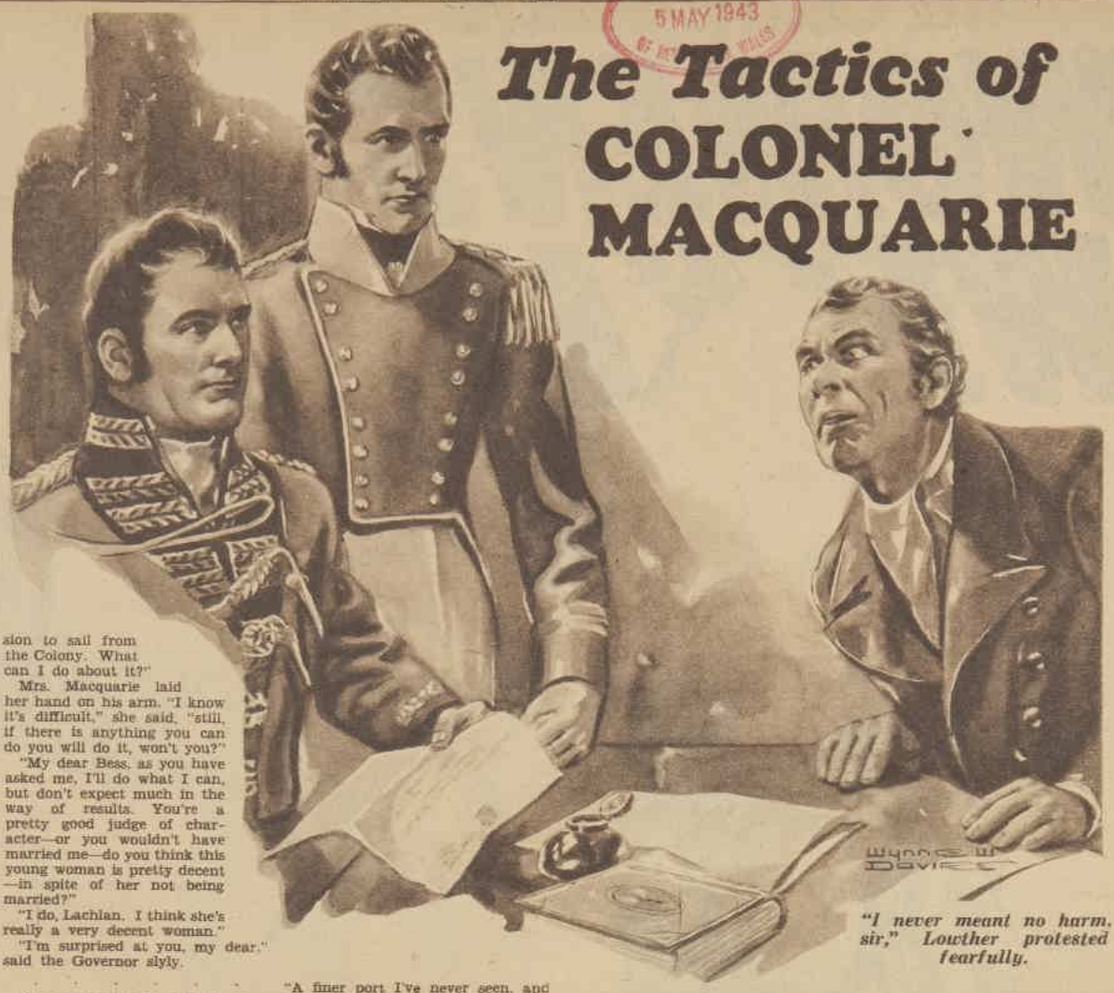
The Tactics of COLONEL MACQUARIE



"I never meant no harm, sir," Lowther protested fearfully.

By Australian author

A. E. JOBSON

MRS. MACQUARIE found her husband at last in his study. She had followed him from the garden to the stables and from the stables to the house. It was always rather difficult to keep up with such an energetic man, still more so to find him with a few spare moments.

In the short space of time since she had entered the house he had spread plans all over his study table and was keenly comparing them with a file of official papers.

"Could you spare me a few minutes, Lachlan?"

The Governor looked up, smiling. "My dear, I'm always at your disposal."

"When I can catch you, no doubt." Mrs. Macquarie laughed. "I know you are busy, but I wonder if you could spare a few minutes to hear about a young woman, she's little more than a girl, who asked me to speak to you on her behalf."

"Why didn't she speak to me herself?"

"My dear, she was afraid. She has heard that you are a terribly hard-hearted person, almost an ogre, in fact, so she came to me first."

"H'm. Sounds as if there is something weak in her case. Well, suppose we hear it."

"There is a weakness," said Mrs. Macquarie. "You see, her marriage has turned out to be invalid, after nine years. Some flaw apparently, that has only just been discovered."

Macquarie grunted. "I thought there would be something like that. Who is she?"

"Her name's Janet Burney. Burney himself died a few months ago. There are five children."

Macquarie nodded. "I remember the case. He met with an accident, something about a runaway horse with a dray—and he died."

Mrs. Macquarie went on. "Yes, that was it. They had quite a nice little business, and Janet was managing to carry it on when Burney's uncle arrived from England by the last boat. It was he who discovered the flaw in the marriage, so that he now claims to be next-of-kin. He has turned poor Janet and her children out because he says she was not married and therefore she has no claim on the estate."

"That's so! That's so!" said Macquarie. "Now she wants me to help her! What can I do? I've got to uphold the law. The man — Isaac Lowther—is coming to see me this afternoon. He's got everything almost fixed up and wants my signature to some papers and permission to sail from the Colony. What can I do about it?"

Mrs. Macquarie laid her hand on his arm. "I know it's difficult," she said, "still, if there is anything you can do you will do it, won't you?"

"My dear Bess, as you have asked me, I'll do what I can, but don't expect much in the way of results. You're a pretty good judge of character—or you wouldn't have married me—do you think this young woman is pretty decent—in spite of her not being married?"

"I do, Lachlan. I think she's really a very decent woman."

"I'm surprised at you, my dear," said the Governor slyly.

. . . . . .

Colonel Macquarie stood at a window, looking across the paddocks that lay between Government House and Sydney Cove. His secretary, Captain Campbell, stood beside him. They looked out over blue waters whipped into short waves by a north-easterly breeze. The blue changed to patches of emerald-green and white foam when the waves slapped against the grey rocks of the hilly shores.

"Look you here," said Macquarie. "A finer port I've never seen, and from here not a ship in sight. There's, maybe, the brig Nancy around the corner, but you'll not see another in the whole harbor. And yet, I tell you, Campbell, some day that water will be covered with ships, they'll be sailing in through the Heads with their hatches bursting with goods, and this country will fill their holds full in return—with what? Macarthur's wool, perhaps, and grain, possibly, and the coal the convicts are digging at Newcastle!"

"Maybe you're right, your Excellency. You can see a noble city rising here, and ships. I'd give something to have your vision at times. I can see only bare paddocks with the water beyond, and the only sign of life a little man walking along the path yonder. My vision, I am afraid, takes me to the streets of London. I envy you, sir!"

"Still, it's a great thing, Campbell, to be given the heritage of a new country. Who knows what lies beyond the mountains that have so far kept us to the coast? Soon we'll be over them, and then, Campbell—then!"

"Then, sir, you will have something big enough for even Governor Macquarie, and in the meantime you will go on, day after day, straightening out the lives of the most helpless individuals and setting about building a nation from the dregs of England. You are the world's greatest optimist!"

"Perhaps I am, Campbell. That reminds me, there is a man coming in to see me."

"There you are, sir. The little man yonder trotting along the path. He's headed this way."

"Maybe it is. He's by name Isaac Lowther and uncle to a man named Burney, lately deceased. A young woman who calls herself Janet Burney has appealed to me for help. She should have been his wife, but some flaw has been detected in the marriage. There are five children, the youngest twelve months old. Quite decent people, they seem to have been. Both hard-working, they had built up quite a warm business in the town when he met with an accident and was killed. It seems he left no will, and his property goes to the next-of-kin.

"There is enough of it to bring this uncle, Isaac Lowther, from England to claim it, and Janet, with her five children, will be penniless. Uncle Isaac proposes to go back to London with the spoil and leave Janet and her children a charge on the Colony. Lowther has the law on his side. It's hard to know what to do in a case like this."

"That must be your man, sir," Campbell said. "He's coming for his rights."

"Quite so," said the Governor. "He looks like a newcomer." He turned away from the window and walked to the door, followed by Captain Campbell.

"I'll see him in my office. Now, Campbell, what I want you to do is this . . ."

Governor Macquarie was seated at the table in his office, looking through papers and plans, when a soldier stepped in and saluted.

"Ye'll be forgetting your drill, my man. The air of this Colony is too relaxing. Go outside and come in again, and a smart salute this time."

The soldier saluted promptly, stepped outside, then in again, saluting with precision.

"Well?" asked Macquarie.

"Isaac Lowther, sir," he said.

"Show him in."

The soldier saluted and beckoned to someone standing in the passage. Isaac Lowther sidled in, and the soldier went out, closing the door behind him.

Isaac was a little man with a shambling walk. His face bore an expression of cunning, and his hard blue eyes belied the assumption of shyness with which he sidled in. Governor Macquarie kept him standing for a space before he glanced up. He looked him up and down, then motioned to a chair opposite.

"Sit down."

Isaac Lowther sat on the edge of it.

"You are Isaac Lowther? William Burney was your nephew? You are claiming his estate as next-of-kin? You have established your identity and claims to the estate?" The Governor rapped his questions out in the manner of a drill sergeant. Isaac nodded assent.

"Now, what provision have you made for his wife and children?"

Isaac was immediately on the defensive. His body squirmed, but his cold blue eyes were fixed steadily on his questioner's face. "She wasn't his wife, and the children, they ain't legitimate."

"Even so, she has been his wife in all but name and has helped to build up the business. By the way, what is the estate valued at?"

Isaac straightened up. "About three thousand pounds, sir. She has no claims to it."

"What about a moral claim?"

"They weren't moral, your Excellency. They were immoral."

"I suppose you go to church regularly, Mr. Lowther?"

"Chapel, sir. Yes, sir, regular every Sunday."

"A woman with five little children, you wouldn't see them starve, I presume?"

Isaac looked stubborn. "They've no claim on me. I'm his only relative, and what was his comes to me by law."

"Then I am afraid," said the Governor regretfully, "they will have to become a charge on the Colony."

He pushed away the papers that were in front of him. "Well, that's settled. I should like to have seen them provided for. Still, as you consider you are not liable in that direction—that's business, I suppose, Mr. Lowther."

Mr. Lowther was pleased that the Governor understood the difference between business and sentiment so well, and beamed his assent.

"That's business, your Excellency."

"Very well, Mr. Lowther, I shall be dealing with your papers in due course, and you will be advised. I need detain you no longer."

Isaac Lowther stood up. The interview had proceeded more smoothly than he had expected, and he was emboldened to ask a question.

"How long does your Excellency think it might take? I've a good offer for the shop, provided it's a quick sale, and I'd like to get back home as soon as possible. I've a little business of my own in London, wants looking after. There's a ship, the Mary Bell, sails in a month to-day. I was hoping I might get your Excellency's permission to sail in her?"

The Governor frowned.

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"Mah-ee!" said Wang, waving his hand in acknowledgment of Carey's introduction.

COMMON PEOPLE

£1000 prize-winning serial

By A. E. MARTIN

THIS IS THE STORY OF PEL PELHAM, spruiker, and his associates, chief of whom are SKIN ROGERS and RICKETTY, bookmaker and tramp respectively; PAUL MARONI, circus proprietor, and his daughter, RENA; HENRI SAPOLIO, fasting showman, and his wife, MARIE; and DAN CAREY, who is managing a motley troupe.

Pel contracts to manage Sapolio's latest fasting act, and borrows £200 from Skin Rogers to finance it, agreeing in return to try and stop a girl, whose flat is in the same building as the Sapolios', from blackmailing Skin.

Rogers gave the girl's name as "Dora May," but she is actually Rena Maroni, who has run away from her father's circus. Pel appeals to her to leave Rogers alone and return to the circus. Leaving the flat, he encounters PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE RORKE, who has an old grudge against him, and had seen him accept the cheque from Rogers.

Rorke demands to see Pel in his office next day, but when Pel calls DETECTIVE LINLEY takes him to SUPERINTENDENT GRAHAM, who surprises him by asking him to work for the police. Pel refuses.

Now read column 1.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later, while the carpenters were hammering inside the shop where Sapolio was to carry out his fast, Pel had the windows plastered with signs surrounding huge photos of the starving man.

Sapolio starving in Paris. Sapolio starving in Berlin. Police controlling the crowds struggling to get a glimpse of Sapolio starving in Madrid. A big sign announced that the Fasting Man would begin on an attempt to break his own mighty record of sixty-five foodless days.

Will he do it? Can he do it? Can human endurance stand the strain? Enclosed in a glass house, watched day and night, Sapolio will be visible in his living "tomb" subsisting only (in smaller type) on Park Avenue, his favorite cigarettes, resting on a mattress kindly supplied by Messrs. Beankins and Co. Pty. Limited, and drinking nothing but Swish Sodawater, using Bolgers' Indomitable Shaving Soap. Come and see Sapolio enter the glass "tomb." Admission Sixpence. Open twenty-four hours a day.

Sapolio and Marie came down to admire the set-up, and, by and by, Dan Carey drove up in a taxi with his midget, Micklewitz. While Dan talked with Pel, Sapolio, Marie and the midget sat on boxes and conversed excitedly in French.

A carpenter, hammering nails, said to his mate: "Funny way to earn a living."

"You've said it."

The carpenter grinned down at the midget, and, winking broadly at his mate, said in atrocious French: "Parlez-vous Anglais?"

The midget looked up. "Oui, M'sieur," he replied, gravely. "I speak English."

The carpenter appeared a little nonplussed. The little man's eyes were so serious, his manner so direct.

Marie exploded. "You betcha," she cried. "'E speak English. 'E speak French. 'E speak Italian. An' Spanish and German, an' I nearly forget, 'e speak Russian, too. 'Ow many language you speak, big boy?"

The carpenter didn't reply. He hammered hard. After a moment when they had forgotten him he said to his mate out of the corner of his mouth, "Comes easy to these foreigners. Anyway, the little blighter's got nothin' to do but sit and listen."

Marie said to Micklewitz: 'Ow your sister?"

"Married," the midget replied. "I had a cable yesterday. Married an Army captain."

The carpenter dropped his hammer. The midget stooped down and retrieved it for him: "Permettez-moi, m'sieur," he said, and recollecting, translated, "Allow me, sir."

Carey came across and Micklewitz rose to go. He shook hands with Sapolio and bowed from the waist to Marie, kissing her hand.

The carpenter and his mate gaped. When the little man had gone the carpenter said to Marie: "Say, missus, "is 'is sister a snippet like 'im?"

Marie was a little annoyed. She didn't like 'Missus' and she resented "snippet" though she only vaguely knew what it meant.

"No," she said, "She is not snippet. She a big, fine woman like me, but," she added, anxious to be fair, "not so fat. And Micklewitz he ain't snippet either. 'E could put your brains in 'is little shoe."

Pel accompanied Marie and Sapolio to their apartment. As they entered the building Marie sniffed loudly and, uttering a wild cry, raced ahead of them up the stairs. Sapolio looked at Pel significantly.

"It is 'er goulash," he explained.

Pel left him at the first floor. I want to call on my friend," he said. Henri dug him in the ribs.

"It is all right by me, mon ami," he said. "But Marie, she is so propaire." He lifted his eyes to heaven.

Pel tattooed on the door. It opened at once and Rena Maroni beckoned him inside. "Fancy you remembering that old knock," she said.

He sniffed. "You taken to smoking cigars?" he asked. She flushed.

"It was—a friend," she said. "A chap I know. He'll take some getting rid of."

"Good girl."

She wiped the corner of her eye with a tiny handkerchief. "Oh, Pel," she said, "what a fool I've been."

"Ain't we all?" He flicked a thread from his coat. "If you don't like your first oyster you don't have to eat a second."

"I'm afraid it's not going to be so easy as I thought," she said. "Getting away from things, I mean."

"Oh, yes it is," he comforted. "We'll be nailing Sapolio into his little box soon. Things'll be slow after the first few days—before we begin stunting, I mean. Then I'll run up and see the old man."

"It's awfully good of you, Pel. He thought a lot of you."

"He's not so bad himself, the old man," Pel grinned. He looked at her appreciatively. "Gee, Rena," he said, "it'll be great to see you up on the old swing again."

She stretched her arms above her head, clutching the bar of an imaginary trapeze, humming a slow waltz air.

"That's the stuff." He walked to the door. "I'll be seeing you," he said and added casually: "Good sorts old Pa Sapolio and Marie up on the next floor. Marie'll be a bit lonesome when Sap goes into the "tomb." How about you dossing up there with her?"

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Common People

Continued from page 3

RENA touched him lightly on the cheek with her finger-tip. "What a little fixer it is," she said. "No, Pel, not just for a day or two. You see—there's bits and pieces."

Her eyes had hardened a little.

"Such as?" Pel asked softly.

"Oh, cigars and things."

He nodded understandingly. "Do it your own way, kid. But make it a clean break."

Her smile was a little grim. "I mean to," she said.

On the eve of the commencement of Sapolio's great fast Marie gave a party. It was to be an occasion although Sapolio would eat very little, being in strict training. The big show carnival was imminent and most sideshow managers and performers were in the metropolis.

All day long Marie cooked, referring occasionally to the big book of recipes, the very counterpart of that resting in the famous Cafe Bul Bul in the faraway Rue de la Soiree, with many a sigh as she realised her inability to procure ingredients commonplace in her native Paris. Before the guests arrived the gateaux, the biscuits, the meringues, the savories piled high, and Henri counted innumerable bottles and, mentally estimating the capacity of the expected guests, nodded his head in satisfaction and polished the glasses on the sideboard.

To-day the Sapolios spent freely. They were the perfect hosts. To-morrow their bank account would be sadly depleted, but what of it? Poppa's great starve would be on its way. The money would roll in.

Everything in the larder would be lovely, for, left alone in her apartment, Marie would begin at once stocking up for the great day of his return when, emaciated, his clothes hanging loosely on a skeleton frame, his big brown eyes like two coals sunk in sockets in his white face, Sapolio would emerge from his glass tomb, once more a conqueror, the hero of seventy foodless days, vanquisher of his own redoubtable record.

Sapolio said suddenly: "Ah! No olive."

Marie rushed to his side and made frantic search. There were no olives.

"You mus' 'urry to see corner shop, Poppa," she cried. Sapolio hurried off.

Dan Carey came early, bluff and boisterous, with Micklewitz, the midget, immaculate in evening dress, and on their heels a lean-faced, curly-headed man with bright eyes. He wore thin patent leather shoes, and, as he walked, gave the impression that he was tip-toeing on springy rubber. He was Salvi, whose specialty was walking up ladders of sharp swords in his bare feet.

A slim, pretty girl with a gentle manner came in, her useless arms hanging limply at her sides. Marie enfolded her in a mighty embrace, led her to a special seat and brought Micklewitz over to talk with her.

"This is Estelle," she said. "Poppa's sweetheart."

"Everyone's sweetheart," Dan Carey amended, calling from across the room. "Hi ya, darling?"

The girl colored a little but smiled back.

The man in the shiny shoes said quietly "'Lo, Estelle." She looked up and replied offhandedly: "Oh, 'lo, Salvi."

The midget took a gold case from his pocket and offered cigarettes. Estelle gently kicked one shoe from her right foot and lifted her leg. The extremity of her stocking had been cut away, and the bare toes, moving like fingers, took a cigarette. She bent her head slightly and the cigarette was between her lips. The midget struck a match and lit it for her, and stood talking in his grave way in a clear, childish treble oddly at variance with the words he used.

Sapolio returned waving a bottle of olives, waving to everyone. The room rapidly filled. Most present were talking; few seemed to be listening, but Marie could be heard above them all.

Someone rapped heavily on the door, and at Marie's "Entrez," a taxi-man stuck his head in. "Hoi!" he called, "Does this belong 'ere?" He gestured behind him, and stepped aside to admit a new guest.

He was a Chinaman, so big that he filled the whole doorway as he bent his head to enter.

The thick soles of his boots enhanced his height. But what impressed most was not his abnormal height, but the tremendous head and the great expanse of palm as he lifted his hand in formal salutation.

Carey jumped up.

"I hope you don't mind, Marie," he said. "I told him where I was going—left the address with him, rather; but I didn't think he was coming. You never know what he's going to do." He led her to the giant.

"This is Wang, Marie? Wang—this," he indicated Marie speaking slowly, "this Ma-rie."

"Mah-ee." It was a singularly gentle voice that issued from between the thick lips, as the giant waved his hand in acknowledgment of the introduction. A great hand engulfed Marie's plump fingers and a flicker of interest came into the melancholy eyes.

"Hoi!" It was the forgotten taxi-man. "Who pays for this little lot?"

Carey hastened to satisfy him.

"He ought to be double rates," the man said. "Lord knows what he's done to my springs." Sapolio, perfect host, gave him a drink, and Carey showed him out. "And don't forget," he said, "you've had the privilege of driving the mighty Wang, son of a King."

They found the Chinaman the biggest chair, and Salvi gave him a cigarette.

"He's a moody cuss," Carey told Sapolio in an undertone. "I never know what he wants."

"All giants is the same," the starving man nodded understandingly.

"I gets him a Chinaman to look after him," Carey explained, "but, what happens? He can speak the lingo, but he's the wrong Tong. Can you beat it?"

"He is lonely, poor little giant," Marie said, and carried a foaming glass to her largest guest.

Pelham, who had arrived some time before, had watched the scene from an easy chair, smiling. He liked these people. He understood them. They were his friends. He had associated with them and their sort all his life, but never brought his wife among them. His family was a thing apart. Deep down in his heart he knew that there were better things to be done than those he was doing, a better world than the one he lived in. He'd often wondered about it. It wasn't that he was ashamed of his friends, or his profession, such as it was, but his family was his shrine, something for private worship.

HE rose, crossed the room still smiling, and settled down by the Chinaman.

"Meet the Terror of Pekin," Carey said. "It's all right, he can't talk English. Isn't he a beauty? When I get him in his high boots and his tea-cosy hat I'm frightened of him myself."

"He looks gentle enough."

"He is. The only trouble is I can't get him to keep to himself. Look at the way he breezed in here. All the people that saw him for nothing! Of course, it don't mean a thing in a city this size, but if he gets to wandering in the smalls he'll be Dan Carey's own problem child." He left him to Pel.

Estelle smiled across the room at him, and he went and sat with her. "Can I help you with your outfit, Stella?" he asked.

"I'm all set, Dan. Thanks, just the same."

"Why don't you link up with me? You know you can—any time." There was a hint of earnestness in his tone.

She looked down at her toes, curling and supple as any fingers. "I might yet, Dan," she said softly.

"In your own good time," he said, as Marie joined them.

Pel had taken a pack of cards from his pocket and was showing Wang some tricks. The Chinaman chuckled, and, extending his tremendous palm, patted Pel's shoulder. It was a gesture of gratification. Pel shuffled the cards. Then he sprang them from one hand to the other, the cards cascading prettily.

His hands were not more than ten inches apart, but he swayed his arms with a semicircular sweep, something in the fashion of a man playing a concertina, and one had the impression that the cards were falling much greater distances. The sleight of hand delighted Wang, bringing forth a series of delighted grunts and occasional unintelligible monosyllables. His soft almond eyes dwelt on Pel's face with the happy gleam of an infant's watching the amusing antics of a friendly adult.

Others had come in. Some circus people and a dapper, middle-aged man in an old-fashioned frock coat. His name was Smith, but everyone called him professor. He brought with him a pretty, vivacious girl. She had natural platinum-blonde hair, and, out of a pale face, vivid black eyes shone boldly, and dimpled cheeks added an implishness to her expression. She kissed Marie.

"I oughtn't to be here, lovey," she said, "but I couldn't resist. I just couldn't." She selected an elaborate piece of pastry and bit into it, talking with her mouth full. "M-m. I bet you made this. I ought to be home getting stencilled up. Bertie's got a new one all carved out for me."

The man in the frock coat explained:

"It's a beaut, Marie—a great big butterfly." He took the blonde by the arm and turned her around, demonstrating, while the girl continued to munch her pastry. "The wings are here, see." He touched the blonde's shoulder-blades. "Blues and greens and golds, and the head—here."

He poked the girl in the back and she spluttered a little. "With two big, red eyes; and the body curls down the spine—so. The wings finish on both sides of the 'ips—so."

"Listen, Professor," the girl said, "if you've quite done with the still life I'd like to begin looking over the giant."

Carey came up. "It'll be interesting all right, Professor," he said, with an appreciative glance at the blonde. "But what I don't understand is why you don't tattoo Bella all over and stop mucking about with stencils. You can do it."

"No, no." The professor was unnecessarily vehement. "Never. I will not tattoo Bella. No."

BELLA stopped munching to say, "Don't go putting ideas into his head, anyway. No tattooing for me, thank you. I'd get sick of looking at myself. Fancy going to bed with King Solomon and his court on your chest every night. And no one knows the difference, anyway. Look at this for tattooing."

With a rapid movement she stooped, and, manipulating mysteriously, pulled down her black silk stocking as far as her ankle. Marie gave a little shriek. "Ugh," she cried. "It frightens me."

The professor smirked. "I finished that off to-day," he said. "Fine, eh?"

Around the shapely leg a stencilled snake twisted from instep to knee, its glistening green and red scales winding about the calf, its head with wicked yellow eyes resting on the cap of the knee.

Bella stretched her leg, moving it from side to side, cleverly flexing the muscles so that the stencilled snake appeared to come to life and became a respondent writhing serpent with eyes that darted fire with every movement of the girl's knee.

"It's the same on the other leg," Bella said and looking up saw Salvi's parted lips and interested eyes. Suddenly turning away from him she replaced her stocking. Carey was congratulating the beaming Smith. "Good work, Professor."

The professor clapped his hands lightly in an almost feminine gesture. "But I am worried," he said. "I am upset. It will not come."

"What won't come?"

"The idea. The idea for the back of the knees. It eludes me."

"Well," Carey said, "you certainly do go places."

Bella flopped on her knees beside Estelle. "How are you, lovey?" She looked the other over carefully. "I like your hair. Do it yourself?"

The armless girl nodded.

"Gee," Bella said. "It beats me. I hate doing my own. The professor fixes it up. Say, that guy ought to be a lady's maid. Tell me, who's the good-looking gink with the cheeky eyes—the curly-headed one."

Estelle's lip curled ever so little. "You mean Salvi?" she said.

"Is he the sword walker?"

Estelle nodded. "That's him."

Please turn to page 18

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KAYPEES DON'T FLY

Private Flint had a burning ambition in life, and he went to startling lengths to realise it.

"You fool!" the gunner yelled. "You're standing on the bombs. Get away!"

PRIVATE FLINT had no particular objection to being called up in the draft, but right from the start he wanted to fly, and he didn't mind what he flew or where he flew it.

Instead, he was bounced through the Selective Service hopper and ejected out the other end to wind up under the cockerel eye of Sergeant MacColl in the mess of the 47th, doing much-loathed kitchen police duty.

For weeks before they went overseas Flint worked industriously at his calisthenics, broom duty and in putting the bee on anyone from the major down with reference to his learning to fly. He annoyed the mechanics, pestered the medical officer and wrote appealing notes on meat paper to the sergeant of the day.

Captain Frost, of No. 1 Flight, came as near to settling Flint's mind as anyone when he put it this way: "Look here, Flint. For the time being you're in the mess That can't be helped, but the minute we get a platoon or two of these Waacs to man the kitchen I'll see what I can do about getting you a gunner's rating. How's that?"

Flint wasn't quite sure what this Waacs business meant, and there wasn't any answer to this new version of the old brush-off; but the strange word percolated through his memory long after the 47th had been bundled abroad.

Private Flint rallied around Sergeant MacColl loyally while the squadron was settling down at Chuzzleton Priory, which is in Rutland and not far from a pub called The Spotted Dog. He hacked and gouged at the hefty British spuds, while Major Sprague eased the new Bastion B-39's through their first shakedown patrols.

Albin Flint stood off beyond the girdle of glory and watched the newsreel men come in and take over to perpetuate the activity of American bombing airmen. He wandered about, spud in hand, and listened while the bombardiers and gunners talked into a mike and made records to be broadcast the next night over the B.B.C.

"When we get some Waacs," he confided to a mechanic squatting on a bomb dolly, "I'm gonner go with Captain Frost as a gunner. I'll bet you I'll get me a 'Schmitter . . . an' go talk into that mike."

"Yeah?" sneered an armament guy. "You'll get yourself a new spud-slasher—when you wear that one out."

There was another heart-warming ceremony to this overseas-squadron business which always left young Flint burbling with pride and patriotism. This took place when each bombardier, escorted by two scuttle-helmeted sentries, armed with sub-machine guns, carried the secret bomb-sight in a special valise from the administration building to the oval doorway of each bomber. When the escort passed Private Flint always felt the urge to stand at attention and salute.

It was well after supper one night, and the pile of peelings was reaching commendable proportions, when Private Flint caught the snort of tractors as the big Bastions were being dragged from their dispersal areas. A loud speaker cleared its throat, and eventually snarled an "Attention!" order. Little Albin palmed his fatigue hat to a new off-the-face mode and peered over to the mess shack steps, where Sergeant MacColl sat puzzling over the details of a soccer football pool.

"All air crews to their ships!" the loud-speaker ordered.

Baggy at the knees and still clutching a half-scalped potato, little Albin was totally snubbed by the elite who hurried past laden with equipment.

Six sets of inboard engines were barking and kicking over somewhere beyond in the gloaming. The loud-speaker coughed and spluttered a lot of words that made no sense to him. Suddenly something flashed into his vision and tinkled a tiny bell deep in the grottoes of his memory.

Across the hard-packed roadway separating the administration building from the barracks, four young women were matching lisle-legged strides. They wore blue uniforms with jaunty caps, and they moved with grace and precision.

"Hey, what's them?" demanded Private Flint, pointing with the ever-present jackknife.

MacColl glanced up from his paper. "Them's Waacs," he said. "Women who work in the army."

"Waacs!" burst Albin, trying to recall where he had heard the sound before. "Them's Waacs?" he queried, a thin sliver of enlightenment pricking his memory.

Private Flint's worries and disappointments were hoisted from his shoulders. His Army boots felt and fitted like dancing pumps. The world glowed and became an answering smile.

"I gotter see Captain Frost," he decided.

Private Flint attained take-off speed with little effort, and banked around the mess shack doing the "100" in 10-flat. He levelled off in front of the officers' mess, bending the throttle industriously. He pulled a rat-race through a group of mechanics and drew a drumfire of service expletives, but cleared beautifully with a wingover, the half-peeled spud held high in his left hand.

He opened up once more, but was running out of speed by the time he reached the bomber carrying Captain Frost's flight-leader markings. He tried to fish-tail to a halt but a small truck which carried booster batteries for the starters intercepted him as he cut under the wide wing tip. He went sprawling and then pawed uncertainly at the outline of a technical corporal: "I . . . I gotter see Captain Frost. It's awfully important. Captain Frost . . ."

"You'll find him forward . . . control pit. Make it snappy," the corporal bellowed as he lugged little Albin to his feet.

"I gotter see . . ." Flint began again, but the corporal hoisted him aboard.

"Make it snappy!"

Brushed with the blow across his shins, Flint dropped the unpeeled spud into his pocket and moved gingerly amid the unfamiliar equipment. He fumbled with his free hand and found something to sit on.

"Captain Frost!" he called again, but his voice had the quality of something being squished out of a squash. He settled back to muster his forces and then huddled deeper when a bundled figure in black leather appeared suddenly from a cavern aft and cranked the cabin door shut. Strange metallic voices frittered from the boxes on the wall, snapped orders and disintegrated with the crash of engines. The whole structure began to creak ominously.

"Captain Frost!" Flint bleated again; but his voice was drowned by the thunder of full-throated engines. He gave up, rubbed his shins and visualised the harrowing details of a court-martial.

But withal, the scene of the four young women striding towards the administration building still gleamed through the murky montage. He trusted that there might still be an open post for him somewhere aboard the bomber.

"Captain Frost said he'd take care of me," he assured his glimmering hope.

The big Bastion rocked and tilted as the four propellers thrashed the air. Flint clambered to his feet, tottered to a small oblong port and peered out. Indistinct shadows marked the coastal towns of England.

The steady roar of engines against the background of compact sound riveted a lump of fear a few inches below his breastbone.

He was startled from his investigation by the thump of heavy boots—and a voice. He turned and stared full into the helmet-framed face of Corporal Krause. For a minute Krause was blocked out of the play by his failure to identify a puzzling situation. Finally he exploded with: "What are you doin' here?"

"Now look, Corp," little Albin began, trying to maintain his balance as the Bastion bounced through a wall of cumulus updraft.

What came out of Corporal Krause sounded like a scrambled transatlantic telephone message, blown up for exhibition purposes. He choked on it, regained his breath, yanked Flint around and poked accusingly at his back.

"Why you dope! You ain't even got a parachute!"

The charge meant about as much to Flint as an observation that he was not equipped with a retractable landing gear. He raised his hands with an eloquent appeal for a sympathetic audience.

"Now look, Corp! I just came aboard to tell Captain Frost about the Waacs."

"Baby, you're gunner get moldered!" the corporal gunner blatted. "Aboard a Service aircraft wi'out a parachute. Wow!"

Another massive figure in a leather overall and wearing a jockey cap with the peak turned up clambered down from the dorsal gun turret and thrust its face full into Flint's."

"What is this?" the face erupted. "A joy hop?"

"I'm tellin' you. I didn't have no chance to git off!" wailed young Albin, his parched face wrung with anguish. "I just wanted to tell the captain about the Waacs."

"Yeah? You can't tell that guy nothin' about no Waacs!" Corporal Krause observed with a suitable grimace. "He gits around!"

"But he said I could be a gunner when the Waacs came," Private Flint pleaded. "That's what I wanted to tell him.

"You stop here. I'll tell him."

The dorsal turret gunner stood off wide-legged and studied the little K.P., who still clutched his jackknife. "He considered the bulge in Flint's pocket and conjured up all sorts of Fifth Column skulduddery: "You ain't bin to no armament school, have you?" the gunner accused.

"No-o-oo, but Captain Frost said that when we got some Waacs I could quit K.P. duty."

"They ain't no Waacs over here yet," the dorsal gunner burst out. "The ones you seen must have bin some of them English broads. They operate radio-locator panels. They ain't cooks!"

Captain Frost came down the catwalk from the pilot's compartment. He had eyes that smiled more easily than they frowned. Frost moved into the gunner's station mustering a glance of authority.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked, making his way to Flint, who tried to salute with his jackknife still clutched in his hand. "What are you doing here, soldier?"

"I—I came to report, like you said, sir," Flint began again. "I saw the Waacs and came right over, but someone shut the door and you took off before I could get out."

"Waacs?" exploded Frost. "Don't tell me we have Waacs aboard, too! What goes on here?"

"No . . . Don't you remember me, sir? You said back at Westover that when we got some Waacs I could quit K.P. and become a gunner—maybe. I saw some, and came right over. I didn't bring any on board with me, sir."

"He means he saw some of them English Waacs, sir," explained Corporal Krause. "He thinks they came to work in the kitchen."

"Get back to your posts!" ordered Captain Frost to the gunners. "I'll take care of this."

Little Albin watched Krause move off, the lump of fear dropping with a thud to the pit of his stomach.

"I suppose you realise this is a serious business?" Frost began again.

"But you said, sir——"

"I can't even remember ever seeing you before," Frost argued, unconsciously wounding his man. "What am I going to do with you now?"

"Ain't there something I can do, sir?" appealed little Albin. "Couldn't I . . . couldn't I serve the coffee—or something?"

"All you can do now is keep out of the way. Maybe—coffee later, when we start back."

Captain Frost moved off with a hopeless gesture and Flint subsided slowly, pitiful, and aghast at his unimportance. "He didn't even remember me, and there's nuthin' I can do," he muttered with a gulp.

He resented now every minute he had squandered at The Spotted Dog, playing darts with the rustics, when he might have learned something about a machine-gun. If he had only volunteered to check ammo and clean Brownings in his spare time!

But Kaypees don't fly, they had told him—so many times.

By ARCH WHITEHOUSE

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Navy WIFE

By
FANNY HEASLIP LEA

SOMEHOW Daphne had thought never to hear his voice again. When it came over the wire that mist-ridden afternoon of an early Norfolk spring she almost trembled—absurd though she knew it to be.

"Daffy, this is Larry . . . I'm at the airfield on my way to Richmond. Can I come out and see you? Tell me how to get there."

In sheer bewilderment, but also not without a certain recklessness, she replied to him. After all . . . Larry! Whom she hadn't seen in over eight months, not since before her wedding—naturally not since before her wedding. "Sea Beach Apartments. It's a whole block Larry. A lot of other Navy wives live here. I'm in L2." She gave him more detailed directions as to what to tell his taxi-driver.

Within half an hour she was opening the door to him. Larry unchanged. Maybe, she realised, unchanging.

"Larry," she cried, "whatever are you doing here? You don't know how glad I am to see you!" That was asking for trouble, but—in spite of her—it was out.

He took off his raincoat. His hat had been crushed under one arm. He threw both coat and hat down on the table in the little hall.

"You're looking lovely," he told her. "Daffy-Rapunzel, you've even still got your long gold hair! So time cannot wither nor marriage stale . . ."

She had brushed her hair into pale glory while she waited for him. But she had not changed her clothes. Let him see her, she had decided, in the kind of thing she wore every day. The kind of thing most Navy wives wore.

"Who gave you my address, Larry?" she demanded of him at once, but lightly.

"Your mother. Who else? I ran into her not long ago in New York."

"Larry, you're lying. You looked her up and got it out of her."

"No—so help me! I hadn't been in New York for months, but first time I set foot on Fifth Avenue who do I meet but your one remaining parent on her way to a romantic Viennese refugee place for a slight snack of whipped cream with tea."

"So you went along to pump her dry."

"Something of the sort perhaps," he admitted blandly. "She misses you, Daffy. The poor dear misses you badly."

"I thought she was so frightfully busy with war work."

"Exactly. I got the idea she was trying to manoeuvre you up there to give her a hand with all that."

"Manoeuvre is right," said Daphne. "Sit down, won't you, Larry?"

"Let me look around a bit at first." He roamed the little sitting-room aimlessly, wound up at the bay window looking out into the quiet, chilly street.

"Your mother tells me Lieutenant Sanderson's at sea," said Larry. He lounged against one side of the window.

Lieutenant Sanderson—Cy Sanderson—Daphne's husband. She still knew a little quiver in her veins when anyone spoke his name unexpectedly.

"Hear from him often, Daffy?"

"Fairly often," said Daphne. Not even her mother knew that Cy's last letter was now almost two months old.

"She tells me," Larry pursued politely, "that he was ordered to sea less than a week after you married him, and has been out ever since."

"What's funny about that?" said Daphne, chin in air. "There's a war on, isn't there?"

"Of course there's a war on," said Larry, a trifle irritably. "Haven't I been tearing my shirt for weeks trying to get into Army Public Relations? You wouldn't believe the filthy amount of red tape . . ."

Unforgivably, Daphne snickered. For an instant Larry scowled, then shamelessly he laughed. "I'm way underweight, Daffy. And I've always had a bad heart."

"Not really bad, dear," said Daphne soothingly. "A little too much overtime, maybe."

"Let's skip the war," said Larry. "For one reason or another I'm in EA. When they want me they'll take me." He had turned deadly serious. "We were talking about you, Daffy. All by yourself all this time. You must be terribly lonely."

"I am," said Daphne coolly. "And what's that to anybody but me?"

Fiercely Larry persisted: "I'll bet you don't even know where he is."

"Of course I don't . . . and if I did, do you think I'd tell you?" She stood glaring at him, he stood glaring back at her like the foolish enemies they had been—when they hadn't been having sweetly foolish fun together.

Larry ran a hand across his eyes, back through his hair. He came over and took her by the shoulders. "Don't let's fight, Daffy. You remember me. I'm the one you were engaged to when Mr. Right came along." His mouth twisted slightly.

Instantly Daphne melted even while she freed herself. "I know, Larry. I'm terribly sorry. But I wrote you—you were down in Mexico then—I wrote you the minute I knew myself—about Cy."

"Sure you did. It caught me between the eyes, to say nothing of kicking me in the teeth, just as I was licking an airmail stamp to put on a passionate outburst telling you. I'd be starting back to New York that night. I still loathe the taste of airmail stamps," he added plaintively.

"Oh no, Larry, you weren't starting back that night!"

"Oh, yes, Daffy, yes I was. And I hadn't even known he existed. Let's laugh that one off, too."

"I met him just a few days after you left," said Daphne, imploringly defending herself. It was like calling Cy into the room.

ON the day he had asked her to marry him—had told her rather that he was going to marry her—she had told him about Larry. "Break it off," Cy had said. "I may have to dispose of a couple of incidents myself." His grin had ceased abruptly. He had insisted in deadly, unsmiling earnest. "Write him—before you go to sleep to-night—and break it off." So Daphne had written. She would have followed Cy around the world on her knees at that moment if he had wanted her to.

"And ten days after you met him you married him." Larry was saying, still painfully incredulous. "Well—he had to work fast, I suppose."

"That was before Pearl Harbor, don't forget!" Daphne was once more up in arms. "He thought he'd have at least six months ashore. So we took this little apartment . . ." the fun they'd had getting into it . . . Cy shaking up a cocktail the night they moved in . . . winking at her tenderly over the edge of his glass. "Glad to see you aboard, Mrs. Sanderson!" She felt her eyes beginning to sting, turned sharply away.

"Now, now, Daffy!" begged Larry. She walked across the room to a big chintz-covered chair and sat down on the arm of it. "Have you got a cigarette?" she asked almost, if not quite, steadily.

Larry gave her one and lit it for her, lit one himself. "Look, Daffy," he said coaxingly, "how about taking your mother up on that little visit?"

"Little visit!" Daphne's eyes, incongruously dark beneath her silver-gilt hair, began to blaze. "Do you know what she wants me to do? She was down here about a month ago for a week-end, and she spent her time trying to get me to go back with her . . . stay in her apartment with her for the duration. For the duration, mind you! I might never have been married at all."

"Oh, well, she's a sweet, silly old thing!" said Larry tolerantly, "and she adores you. Otherwise she'd never have suggested anything so impossible. But," he stopped to inhale deeply, "all I say is, why don't you go up and see her for just about a week? That's not so long."

"No—a week's not awfully long," Daphne conceded slowly. "You'd be around, of course," she added, slanting a wise look at him just to let him see he wasn't putting anything over on her.

"Why not?" he inquired reasonably. "I could beau you around a bit, couldn't I?—in a perfectly friendly way."

"Oh, Larry," sighed Daphne, "hush! It would be fun, of course, but . . ."

"If you're thinking that he," strange how Larry baulked at the plain word "husband" "might get into port unexpectedly—you could fly back here in a couple of hours or so."

"I know—I know. But still . . ."

"Made so many friends you don't want to leave 'em?"

All at once the loneliness of days upon empty days took Daphne by the throat. Days upon end when there had been no one within reach who really knew or cared much about her. "Oh, no, Larry . . . almost nobody . . ." she began shakily. Her back was to the window. Larry was facing it. Abruptly he dropped a warning hand on hers.

"Daffy . . . there's a female turning in at your walk. Same one as I saw at the next-door window looking me over as I came in. For the sake of your pristine reputation, I'm off." Daphne stood pitifully startled. Trust Larry to overlook nothing. He was speaking very quickly: "Now, listen—I'm going on to Richmond in a couple of hours. Some stuff about my father's estate. I'll phone you again from the airfield just before I leave. And I want to

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"Here I am and here I stay," Daphne said. If Cy went off to fight she'd wait for him.

"Won't break up the party if I take this little number home?" Kirk said, looking down at Milly lovingly.

tell your mother you're coming up." It all seemed pretty harmless. Her mother had been begging her for so long.

"All right, Larry, you can call me." Daphne gave in. She went with him to the door and opened it. A tall, strikingly handsome girl, of about thirty perhaps, was just reaching the foot of the steps. She was the wife of the lieutenant-commander from across the hall.

"Oh, hello, Mrs. Kemp," said Daphne with a brightness she was at the moment far from feeling. "This is Mr. Gaines. He's got a plane waiting for him."

Larry and Mrs. Kemp acknowledged each other with pleasantly observant smiles somehow not unalike.

Mrs. Kemp said to Daphne in a cool faintly-husky voice: "I thought I'd stop by and walk over to Jill Payne's with you. She said you were coming in for tea or something about this time."

"Just a minute," begged Daphne of a spinning world. "Let me tell Tempie I'll be back at six." She ran for the kitchen, snatching up her soft old polo coat on the way. By the time she came back Larry had gone.

Jill Payne's apartment was on the farthest side of the Sea Beach block. Mrs. Kemp showed no sign of haste to reach it.

"Hope you didn't mind my barging in like that," she said, faintly amused at her own brazenness. "I knew your friend was there, of course, but I couldn't resist a close-up. Take a look at a man when you can, I always say now, speaking as a Navy widow." Her husband was somewhere on a destroyer. Daphne had seen him once or twice on his rare appearances in port . . . a big blond chap with a thoughtful eye, but a friendly smile.

"Quite a lad, isn't he?" Mrs. Kemp was pursuing critically.

"Larry, you mean?"

"If that's his name. What does he do, if one may ask?"

"Oh, he travels and he writes things and draws sketches for them about the places he goes to. Mexico, for instance."

"Get published?"

"Not always. But he doesn't have to worry. His father left him . . ."

"I see. Old friend, of course?"

"Yes—oh, yes. We knew each other in New York." To her own uneasy surprise, Daphne heard herself confiding: "He's been seeing my mother lately. She's been after me to come up."

"Wish I had your luck."

"How can I go? I've got to wait here."

Mrs. Kemp laughed outright.

"Your husband's on foreign service, isn't he?"

Daphne said valiantly: "I've no idea where he is." Mrs. Kemp's suggested knowledge shook her.

"Take my advice," said Mrs. Kemp, "and go pay your mother a visit if you feel like it. What are Navy women supposed to do? Roost like hens in a chicken house from the time they're left till the time they're called for? It makes me wild."

"But you're a Navy woman yourself," Daphne timidly reminded her.

"Reserve," said Mrs. Kemp briefly. "Not regular. My ever-loving but distant Bill was called up just about a year ago. Since then I have warmed chairs in Portland, New Orleans, and now this dear spot." She shut her rather thin scarlet lips tight as if feeling suddenly that she might be talking too much. So the Navy habit of silence was growing on her.

They were almost at Jill Payne's corner. Mrs. Kemp veered abruptly away from the subject of Bill and herself. "I wonder if that O'Connell girl will be there. She and Jill are friends." The long, lithe step slowed.

"You mean the one whose husband is on the Richard Grant?" asked Daphne. Unconsciously she shivered a little. The Richard Grant, a comparatively new destroyer, had been torpedoed not quite a week before. Torpedoed, but not sunk. She was now being brought into an American port. No one but the Navy knew where. Nor when she might be expected to arrive. Some of her personnel were known to be dead, and the next-of-kin had been informed. No word had come to Mrs. O'Connell, but, in spite of her Navy training, she was horribly worried.

"She looks like a ghost," said Mrs. Kemp. "I ran into her at the market this morning. Poor devil—she's going to have a baby, too."

Daphne had liked the O'Connell girl—what little she had seen of her. Pretty and witty and gay. She couldn't be much older than Daphne's own nineteen years.

"Well, if she's there, I'm not staying long," said Mrs. Kemp. "She gives me the creeps, and it isn't as if there was anything we could do for her." One finger poised above Jill Payne's doorbell, she lingered, reluctant to go in.

Jill Payne, a rather plump brown-haired girl with a fresh, sweet face, opened the door. "Come in!" she cried gaily. "If you don't mind a hair-raising mess. Patsy O'Connell is here, and Milly Kirkwood." Jill's husband was skipper of a corvette. He got in oftener than some of the others—sometimes once in two or three weeks. The place was very much the same as Daphne's, but in a highly-cluttered state. Jill swept down like a motherly whirlwind on a big-eyed little girl with rosy cheeks, a boy somewhat younger, and drove them before her out of the room. "If you don't stay in your own room and play nicely I'll spank the tail-feathers off you both. I mean it now!"

"That's the way to talk to 'em!" said Patsy O'Connell. She was sitting at one end of a blue-covered couch which stood against the wall. Mrs. Kemp had been right. For all the dark hair so smoothly arranged, the mouth as casually scarlet as any other, Patsy had the look of a ghost. Daphne, on an impulse she scarcely understood, sat down on an arm of the couch beside her.

Mrs. Kemp sat down across the room and lit a cigarette. Jill began a prideful tale about her offsprings' too numerous activities.

In the midst of their desultory chatter, Milly Kirkwood come in from the dining-room with a tray of glasses and set it down on a small table at one end of the room. "Hello, Mrs. Kemp," she said. "Hello, Mrs. Sanderson. I'm tending the bar for Jill."

Milly Kirkwood roamed restlessly around the room for a little, wound up at the window peering out into the street where dusk was beginning to gather.

"Come away from there, Milly," said Jill gaily. "Kirk'll come in for you, won't he?"

"Is your husband stationed here, Mrs. Kirkwood?" Mrs. Kemp was instantly alert.

"Right now he is," said Milly. She turned, stood with her back to the window, both hands behind her clinging to the sill.

"Navy, of course?"

"Naval aviation," said Milly proudly.

"Wouldn't think she'd been married almost a year, would you?" said Jill with a friendly twinkle. "All this honeymoon waiting-at-the-door stuff."

"Must be quite a treat to have someone to wait for," said Mrs. Kemp.

Milly scarcely heard her. At last the doorbell was ringing and she was on her way to it.

She came back, her hand tight in the arm of a big, athletic-looking young man with an incongruously gentle smile. "Hi, everybody," he said pleasantly. "Won't be breaking anything up if I take this little number home with me, will it?"

"I wouldn't keep her a minute, Kirk," said Jill warmly.

As soon as they had gone Mrs. Kemp went, too. Jill made a dash to the kitchen to put on the children's supper.

"I'm terribly sorry for that Kemp girl," Patsy said to Daphne.

"Sorry for Mrs. Kemp? But why?" said Daphne, amazed. "Surely, if anybody could take care of herself——"

"Because she's so in love with her husband—and so lost, in a way, without him. She's just tearing herself to pieces. She couldn't bear to watch Milly and Kirk."

Daphne hadn't seen, but, being told, she could understand. Hadn't the sight of those two together suddenly twisted her own heart? It seemed to her that Patsy knew a great many things about men and women which she didn't.

"You see," Patsy was saying, "when you've been brought up in the Navy—as I have—you know from the start what you're up against. Being separated and all that." Back of every word you could feel her listening for the telephone to ring. "But these Reservist wives . . . they've been pitched in head first into a lot of complications they never had the least idea they were in for."

Jill was singing somewhere near the kitchen door. Probably just ready to come back.

"Look, Patsy," Daphne begged impulsively. "Come in to-morrow afternoon and let's knit at my place. Just the two of us. So we can really talk."

Patsy lifted haunted eyes which were still able to smile. "I'd love to," she said. Then Daphne said good-bye and went home.

As she went she realised that without having thought it over at all, as Larry had urged, she knew what she was going to tell him when he called her. She didn't have to think it over. She knew. No—she was not going to New York. Not even for one single day. If she was lonely, so were a lot of other women. If Cy could go off to fight, the least, the very least, she could do was stay at home and wait till he got back to her. However long a time that might be. No . . . no . . . no . . . no! It rose like a battle-cry behind her shut lips. "Here I am—and here I stay!" she said to herself. There were hot tears of pride in her eyes, saying it.

The wind had risen with twilight and was whistling coldly as she let herself in at L2. A lamp was on in the sitting-room, but the dining-room was dark. Light was on in the kitchen. Daphne took off her coat and hung it in the closet. "Tempie!" she called. Nobody answered. Daphne walked towards the kitchen. When she stood in the door of it her heart stopped beating for an instant, then began to race wildly.

She couldn't speak. She couldn't take a step. She could only hold out her starved young arms. Cy was standing there, eyes shining in a lean, bronzed face, the old tender grin on his mouth. He had been making a drink. The table before him was littered with half squeezed oranges and lemons. The next instant he had picked her up and was carrying her to the biggest chair in the sitting-room. The chair where, not so very long ago, she had sat while Larry lit her cigarette for her. There Cy sat down and cradled her in his arms, his face against her hair, his own heart thumping hard against her breast. And the more than eight months was gone like a frightening dream. He was a man she had known for sixteen days and lived with for six, but he was also the man for whom she had been born and for whom she knew now—and was never to doubt it again—she would at any time, if necessary, die.

Eventually she pulled herself a little away from him, with her hair in her eyes and her lips burning from his kisses, and inquired absurdly: "But where's Tempie?"

Cy laughed loudly and happily. "She told me you'd be back at six, so I gave her a dollar and told her to get out till to-morrow morning."

"How long have you been here?"

"Not more than ten minutes."

"Darling—why didn't you call me—the instant you got in—at Mrs. Payne's?"

She was crushed and blinded and smothered against his heart again. "Because I didn't want another living soul around when I first laid eyes on you. Because if I could, I'd be alone on this earth to-night—with only you."

She didn't ask him anything at all. Just clung to him with her wet eyes shut tight.

It was Cy who returned abruptly to earth. Suddenly he lifted her into the air and set her on her feet again.

"I was about to make a drink."

"Oh—I thought there'd merely been an earthquake in the kitchen," said Daphne demurely.

He set her on the end of the kitchen table while he filled the shaker for two that had been one of their wedding presents. When at length he lifted his glass to her, he said: "Glad to see you aboard, Mrs. Sanderson!"

"Glad to be aboard," Daphne returned—and began utterly without warning to weep bitterly. For after all she had so nearly let him down.

Cy made her drink before he wiped her eyes. "Go on—I'm listening," he said coolly. "What's wrong? Somebody been trying to muscle-in on me?"

Lines deepened grimly about his mouth. But they relaxed when she lifted a distorted face in pathetic surprise that he should so easily have guessed. "It's been done before, you know, baby," he told her.

She told him all about Larry. All, that is, that he would listen to. Midway of her painfully honest report he stopped her. "The devil with him! Just tell him Daphne doesn't live in New York any more. And see that he relays the information to your mother," he added with biting significance. Then he said: "Here's our dividend," and emptied the shaker into their two glasses.

Please turn to page 8

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X.16.39a

The Tactics of Colonel Macquarie

Continued from page 2

"NEXT month would be quite out of the question, Mr. Lowther. I see by these papers that the matter is far from being complete. Further inquiries will possibly have to be made in England."

"But I could fix everything up now and have the money sent on afterwards."

Macquarie looked sharply at him. "Not at all, Mr. Lowther. You'll have to sign the papers first, and I hardly see how they can be ready for several months yet."

"That's no good to me, your Excellency. I must get back soon. The papers will have to be sent after me."

The Governor selected a list from amongst his papers and scanned it in a leisurely fashion.

"In any case," he said, "I cannot authorise your sailing in the Mary Bell. All her accommodation will be required for Government purposes."

A nasty gleam came into Lowther's eyes. "I see what it is. You're putting difficulties in the way."

"I did not invite you to New South Wales," Macquarie said coldly. "But now you are here, you will await my permission to leave."

Lowther's face became red with rage. "So that's how the land lies? You're like all the others! You want a cut out of it!"

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said Macquarie smoothly.

Lowther swallowed hard.

"It ain't fair, but I'll give you ten per cent. if you fix it so I'll get away by the Mary Bell. I wouldn't do it, either, only I don't want to stay in this God-forsaken spot for months. They told me all Government officials was alike," he went on bitterly. "But I didn't think the Governor would want his share like the rest."

"What is your offer?" asked Macquarie innocently.

"Ten per cent. That's three hundred pounds, if you will get me away by the Mary Bell."

"Are you aware that you are offering me a bribe, sir?"

Lowther grinned. "Call it commission, or bribe, the offer's there."

"Do you know that by offering to bribe me you have committed a criminal offence?"

Lowther laughed a little uncertainly. "Ha! Ha! That's a good one. You'd have no witness. It would be my word against yours."

Macquarie raised his voice a little and called, "Mr. Campbell."

To Lowther's dismay he heard the sound of a chair being pushed back and Captain Campbell came from behind the screen.

"Did you hear this man's conversation, Campbell?"

"Yes, Your Excellency," Campbell replied. "He offered you a bribe of ten per cent. in connection with some business matter with which he is concerned."

Macquarie turned to Lowther sternly, and as he spoke the words became harsher and harsher. "You must have known, sir, that it is an offence—a very serious offence—to offer a bribe. And to me! His Majesty's representative! It is preposterous, sir!"

Lowther shrank back. "But—but they all take them. It's—I didn't think. I never meant no harm, sir."

"Keep quiet, sir!" Macquarie thundered at him. "Campbell! I must go out into the garden. I must calm down. If I don't I may do something I should be sorry for."

Glaring at Lowther, but with a secret, meaning glance at his secretary, he went out of the room.

Isaac turned to Campbell, gasping. "What'll it mean? I mean if he does go me?"

"Three or four years, probably."

Isaac groped for a chair and collapsed into it. "Three or four years! Why, I only—"

"You only tried to bribe the King's representative! The Governor of the Colony! You'll be lucky if you get off with three or four years."

Lowther's spirit was entirely broken. "Here, I say, Mr. Campbell! Ain't there no way to square it? Honest, I meant no harm. I thought he was leading me on to it. I didn't know you was there behind that screen. Ain't there nothing I can do?"

"I don't know. There's only one thing—"

Lowther broke in eagerly. "What is it, Mr. Campbell?"

Campbell spoke musingly. "The Governor doesn't like to have a lot of helpless people as a charge on the Colony. If you were to say to him straight out—before he has time to take any other action—that you'd look after this woman and her children, you might get him to consent to forget what you have done."

Lowther was halfway to the door in his eagerness.

"I will, Mr. Campbell! Will half be enough? Let her have half. Let me tell the Governor now!"

Campbell held up a restraining hand. "Better let me tell him. The sight of you might anger him."

Governor Macquarie was standing before a rose bush in the garden when Campbell came towards him smiling.

"He offers half to the woman and her children, Sir, and wants to get out of the country as fast as he can."

Macquarie picked a perfect white bud from the bush and considered it carefully.

"'Tis not many things are pure white, Campbell. Well! Well! We must take them as we find them. Offers half, does he? Then take it, Campbell. Draw it up legally, and let him sign it now, Heavens! I never thought to be governing in this fashion. Here am I more than halfway through life and I must learn that there's a crooked way round when there's no straight road through."

(Copyright)

Animal Antics

"What did I tell you about having visitors during working hours?"

Navy Wife

Continued from page 7

THEY had only just set them down, emptied, when the telephone rang. Daphne was in the middle of wiping her mouth happily on the corner of Cy's handkerchief.

"Cy, couldn't we just let it ring?" she implored him. "If I didn't answer . . . he'd have to go away."

"We cannot let it ring," said Cy, turning sharply towards the telephone which stood on the desk in the sitting-room, "because it might be for me."

Daphne had not thought of that. Her hands turned cold. "You mean calling you back—right this minute—maybe sailing." In the long months at L2 she had heard of more than one such cruelly unexpected good-bye.

Cy said unsmiling: "These days anything can happen."

Daphne ran to get to the telephone before him. "Let me, darling, let me!"

She trembled from head to foot, picking up the receiver, saying as quietly as she could: "Hello?" Over the wire a girl was speaking, a little hoarse after much laughing and crying.

"Daphne . . . this is Patsy . . . I've heard about Mike! He's all right. I'm nearly out of my mind with happiness."

"You've actually heard?" Daphne's own voice failed her—almost.

"You were so sweet to me this afternoon, Daphne. I had to call you and tell you."

"Oh, Patsy, I can't tell you how glad I am for you—how terribly, terribly glad!"

"What is all this female chatter?" muttered Cy. He motioned urgently for her to ring off and come back to him. Luckily at that moment Patsy said: "I won't keep you—I just wanted you to know."

"Was that a pal?" asked Cy, with Daphne once more locked in his covetous arms. "I'm glad you've found a pal, darling." He looked around the room with eyes tempered by winds and seas, and merciless dark to see more than they rested on. "Don't think I don't know," he told her, lips against her soft hot cheek, "how lonely you've been here!"

As if in jeering denial, the telephone rang loudly once again. Cy went over and jerked it out of its cradle. "Sanderson speaking," he said curtly.

At the other end of the wire there was a silence—a lengthening pause. Daphne waited, nerves strung tight. When the voice came she could hear it clearly, slight, disembodied, metallic:

"This is Larry Gaines. I'd like to speak to Mrs. Sanderson—if I may."

"Afraid she can't come to the telephone at the moment. Any message?" Like sword-play. Swift and vengeful.

After another pause the disembodied voice came yet clearer, speaking more slowly, even drawling a little: "Yes. Sorry not to say my own good-bye." Then the connection was sharply broken.

Cy put down the receiver. "You know how to pick 'em, baby," he told her, dryly smiling. "The gentleman went down fighting."

Daphne crept into his arms again. "I know I've been a fool. You ought to beat me."

"Maybe I will," said Cy, tenderly.

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Movie World

● *It is hard to believe that the alluring and glamorous French actress, Simone Simon, is taking the role of an unpleasant feline woman in RKO's eerie love story, "The Cat People," which is based on the old Balkan legend that evil women can turn themselves into cats when their emotions are aroused. Simone, who has been absent from the screen for some time, has appeared in several stage successes, worked for the Free French and studied English to overcome her French accent.*

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1 SUSPECTING foul play in murder of reformer, Crowder, Mitchell (Brent) recklessly writes article incriminating racketeer Greer (Ciannelli), and embarrasses his newspaper.

2 AS PUNISHMENT, is put on "Lonely Hearts" column with Laurie (B. Marshall).

3 LOVE-LORN client gives Mitchell murder clue at Lonely Hearts Club.

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4 VISITING Lonely Hearts Club with photographer (Roscoe Karns), Mitchell refuses bribe from racketeers Greer and Cummings (Geo. Meeker) to cease investigation.

5 SEARCHING marriage book at club, Mitchell traces Crowder's wife, who tells him that a valuable document buried with Crowder will give clue to the murder.

6 ADVENTUROUS Mitchell, Laurie, and photographer visit mausoleum to recover manuscript from Crowder's coffin and expose murderers and black market racket.

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CREAMY ☐	GREEN ☐	BRUNETTES: LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐	NORMAL ☐
MEDIUM ☐	HAZEL ☐	REDHEAD: LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐	LIPS
RUDDY ☐	BROWN ☐	LADIES: LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐	MOIST ☐
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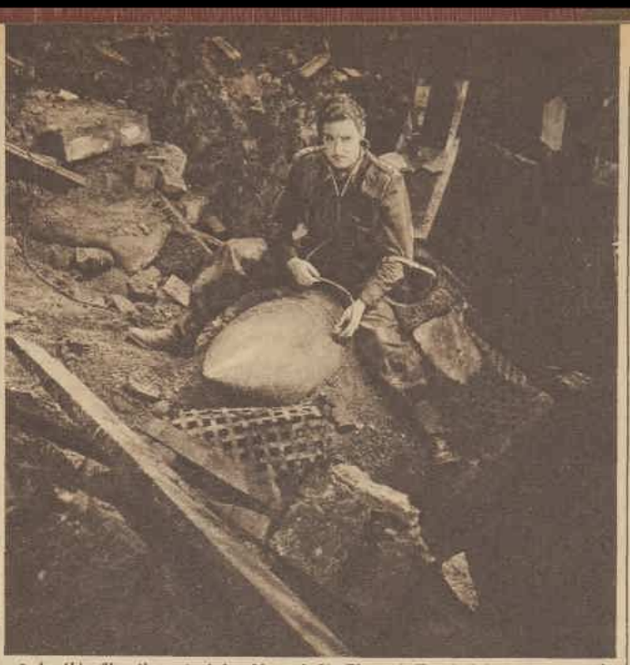
● *Dramatic moment in "Sabotage Agent" when Stevenson (Robert Donat), a British spy disguised as a Nazi, gives bracelet to Czech girl-friend (Valerie Hobson) little knowing that she is about to sell him to the Nazis.*

● *Disguised as a foppish Rumanian, spy Donat enters Nazi-occupied Czechoslovakia on a dead man's passport and immediately shows interest in one of the city's inhabitants (Andre Sacre).*



● *In this film the actual bombing of St. Thomas' Hospital is reconstructed. Robert Donat, in the role of a bomb-disposal officer, sounds the mechanism of an unexploded bomb in the courtyard of the hospital.*

Film re-stages London blitz

By Cable from ANNE MATHESON in London

IN bomb-scarred London MGM have produced "Sabotage Agent," despite uncountable drawbacks and dangers.

Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson are starred in this drama of romance and adventure, which is set in London and Nazi-occupied Czechoslovakia.

Donat plays the role of a British officer sent to sabotage a Nazi poison-gas factory, and masquerades as a foppish Rumanian officer to achieve his dangerous objective.

For the opening sequences of the film, the 1940 blitz was recreated on the actual London sites that suffered heavy bombing. MGM chose St. Thomas' Hospital, target of five direct hits, for their locale, and re-staged the grim carnage and destruction. Firemen, hospital nurses, A.R.P. rescue workers played their real-life experiences over again.

Harold Bucquet, who went to London to direct Robert Donat in the film, took over a damaged sector of the world-famous hospital, and for three days the frightful incidents of the blitz were re-enacted.

The shots are a genuine reproduction of the actual scenes after the raid. While evacuation of the patients takes place, Robert Donat and his squad of soldiers are seen removing a large, unexploded bomb which had landed nearby.

Ruins reconstructed

FOR three days a dense pall of smoke rose high over London as the filming proceeded. A battery of hoses played against the shattered buildings. A tense atmosphere prevailed, as most of the A.R.P. men had actually worked on the site of the original disaster. Though time has elapsed, the harrowing scenes of that September morning have never been forgotten by them.

Two hundred tons of rubble and debris, which demolition workers had carefully carted away, were replaced for the reconstruction of the blitz scenes. Old bath-chairs, tables, beds and even pianos were strewn about in the wreckage, as well as pitiful remnants of children's toys and girls' shoes.

Donat, muddy and begrimed as the bomb-disposal officer, played his scenes in the wreckage-strewn courtyard while a gallery of out-patients, doctors, and nurses watched the famous actor from the windows of fire-scorched wards. An A.R.P. official stated that MGM were giving his men excellent practice for any further blitz on London. Bucquet expressed his gratitude at the help he had received to make the scenes possible. "The Army, hospital, and fire brigade, the police and A.R.P. authorities have been splendid," was his tribute.

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13 to 15 years	10 to 12 hours
Adults	8 to 10 hours

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Country town makes British sailors welcome

HAPPY GROUP of British sailors at Kerang, a Victorian town, where they are being entertained by residents.

ALF CANNON, of Leicester, and Walter Foale, of London, British sailor visitors, cycle with pretty Joyce Hall, of Kerang.

Kerang, Victoria, keeps open house for the visitors

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

The town of Kerang, in Victoria, has been entertaining a large group of sailors from the Royal Navy.

For some days the sailors were treated to picnics, dances, parties, tennis, and, above all, to the home atmosphere which they had been missing since they left England. It is two and a half years since some of them have seen their own homes.

MOTHERS of families let them dry the dishes and play with the children and gave them breakfast in bed.

I saw them riding about in buggies, helping with the gardening, looking at the local war memorial, and talking to all the old characters in the town.

Kerang has a population of about 3000. It is nearly 200 miles from Melbourne, near the bank of the Murray River.

When I arrived the British boys had been there for a few days, but they quickly told me about their welcome.

They had stepped out into the station yard to find a high percentage of Kerang's population of 3000 waiting for them.

"We'd have had the town band there, too, only all the players have gone to the war," said the Shire President, Mr. G. S. Greenwood.

"When we were asked to take the boys, I made an appeal for hosts and hostesses. It was filled in a few minutes," he said.

In charge of a lieutenant-commander, the sailors were welcomed officially, and then taken to the homes ready for them.

Good hearty Australian meals were waiting for good hearty British appetites, and the guests made no secret of their enjoyment.

"Gosh, that first apple pie we had!" said Seaman Chris Hill, of London, with a reminiscent grin. Chris and his pal, Seaman Harry Dahler, also from London, were the guests of Mrs. R. Howcroft.

Within a few hours of the sailors' arrival the streets of Kerang, hung with flags, were resounding with the accents of Lancashire, Sussex, Somerset, and other counties.

Small boys followed the visitors about, anxious not to miss a word. But the Navy, "silent," as always, about its own exploits, seemed to prefer being questioners rather than the questioned.

"They're a wonderful lot, and have settled into our homes as if they'd always been here," said Mrs. G. S. Greenwood.

"This place'll do me for the duration. I joined the Navy to 'go foreign,' as we say, but this is like home," commented Seaman Harold Short, who comes from Sheffield—"You know, the place where they make knives and forks," he added hastily.

"I did sort of expect to see lots of natives wandering round, and I haven't seen any at all," he said.

Harold is twenty-four years old, has a wide smile and thick, unruly curly hair, and he worked at a coalmine before he became a seaman.

"I didn't work underground, but I'll never go back to it again," he said firmly. Harold is as British as his accent. He was happily settled at the home of Mrs. A. G. McKenzie.

As the lads gathered round to pose for photographs, I found Seaman Walter Foale having a one-sided conversation with an enormous black cattle dog.

Twenty-two-year-old Walter is the eldest of eight children. It is nearly three years since he last saw his people in Greenwich (England). He was in a destroyer which was sunk in Singapore harbor.

Formerly employed at a meatworks, Walter has a slow, quiet voice, and yet—"The lads call me Peppy," he said, with a twinkle. Guest of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Reynolds, Walter thinks Kerang and its people are "just fine."

Mrs. Reynolds told me that she had rarely had a guest who was so useful in the house as Walter.

"He just spoils the children, Beryl and Neville, and he insists on making his own bed and helping me with the dishes," she said.

From the hotel garden we went along the main street to the tennis courts. There I found Seaman Albert Kedward playing tennis with pretty Esna Betts. As soon as he spoke I didn't need to be told he came from Lancashire.

"My name's Albert, same as famous lad who went to Zoo," he said. "But I haven't got a stick with an 'orse's 'ead 'andle, I'm afraid. Do you know all about that?"

I said I thought most Australians knew "Our Albert" very well indeed.

Kerang got to know Albert Kedward very well. He helped to take up a collection for the Prisoners of War Fund during a Soccer match on the Saturday afternoon, and Albert's voice no doubt helped to make the collection large.

During the evening meal hour I visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Batchelder, and found Seaman Edward Young doing a nice job of drying the dishes for his hostess.

Edward comes from Tonypandy, Wales, and, as might be expected, is known as "Taffy."

"Taffy" has a grin and a twinkle, and would be hard to beat as a spinner of yarns. He said he was 29, a former clerk and a bachelor, but, remembering that grin and twinkle, I'm not at all sure.

With a flourish of the tea-towel, "Taffy" announced that he could speak Spanish fluently. But when I tried him on the only three Spanish words I knew he was evasive.

It was a bitterly cold night, but Kerang turned up in full force for the special community singing and concert for the visitors.

Lusty British voices roared out popular tunes and applauded the singing of the pretty local girls.

I met Douglas Symes, from Birmingham, whose voice suggested he might have been a B.B.C. announcer. "No," he said, "I was doing lithographic work before the war." His main ambition is to see his parents again, and to get sufficient time to play contract bridge.

Noticing a young seaman wearing a decoration, I asked to meet him. He was Leading-Seaman Douglas French, from Romford, Essex, who received the British Empire Medal for his work in the Suez Canal last year. His war job has been long and hard since he left England two and a half years ago.

Most of the men are bachelors, but there is one to whom England means wife and two-and-a-half-year-old son and heir whom he has not seen. He is Leading-Seaman Bill Ellis, who wears the ribbon of long service.

The concert ended with Harry Dahler giving a spirited impersonation of Bing Crosby.

In many houses that night, over a cheerful fire and a good supper, friendships were further developed between the country people of Australia and the lads so far from their own homes.

YOUNG ROY DOUGLAS listens entranced to tales of naval battles from Walter Foale, one of the visiting British sailors.

A RIDE in an old-fashioned cab was a popular amusement, and the cab never lacked passengers while the sailors were around.

CHRIS HILL, British sailor, with small Eunice Hill, of Kerang, hears reminiscences of pioneer days from 89-year-old Mr. Charlie Palmer.

THE BOYS LIKE GARDENING as a change from the sea, and the residents find their help very useful in this direction.

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Editorial

MAY 8, 1943.

HOUSING SHORTAGE

AS the war goes on the housing shortage becomes more and more acute.

Not because they lack money to pay a reasonable rent, but simply because they can find no other place to go, families are huddling into one room—in fact, into any living-space that can offer them four walls, a roof and a floor.

The need for more homes is desperate. It was estimated recently that Australia is 250,000 houses short of its requirements.

But the needs of war are more desperate still.

A month ago the Allied Works Council was calling for 3100 builders' laborers, 2200 carpenters, and 1100 other tradesmen and skilled men.

That call may not be denied. Civilians must simply make the best of the situation.

The final solution of the problem can come only when the new Commonwealth Housing Commission gets into action after the war.

The thousands of letters which the "Victory Homes" competition in The Australian Women's Weekly has attracted from readers show that the general public is thinking deeply and constructively about housing problems.

Some of the writers ask for things which are at present impractical, such as air-conditioning in remote country districts.

But the demand for more houses, better houses, more convenient houses, is there, and ultimately it must be met.

That cheering post-war prospect is one more reason for an all-out national effort against the Axis powers.

—THE EDITOR.

OUTSIDE THEIR PALM SHELTER in New Guinea, three young artillerymen. Photo sent by Bombdr. R. Bathgate to his mother, Mrs. Alex Bathgate, Manly, N.S.W.

Five Aussies wipe out forty-five Japs

Five Australians charged three Japanese machine-gun crews and wiped out the forty-five gunners.

This is one of several incidents of the war in New Guinea told by a soldier there to Miss A. M. Prentice, of Caulfield, Vic.:

"WE have had our long-awaited smack at the sons of Nippon, and I'll bet they wished they had stayed at home.

"The Japs are masters of bushcraft, but they are up against chaps who cut their back teeth on a blue gum.

"While the Japs are sniping from a tree and cannot be seen they are quite good, but as soon as they are spotted they just sit and wait to be killed.

"One chap told me that he got to within 10 yards of a Jap and then he (the Jap) started to scream.

"He was the best air-raid siren he'd ever heard.

"One stronghold that the boys found was on the side of a very steep, wooded slope. On the other side was a clearing guarded by one medium and two light machine-guns.

"One officer and four men charged it with bayonets and hand grenades.

"The officer was the first to reach the top, and planted a heavy boot (size 10) in the midst of the gunners while the four men proceeded to make 'good Japs' of the forty-five of them.

"I have had several bits of excitement, but the best of the lot was when an officer and I had to go out and search a Jap officer who had been killed a few hours earlier.

"He was in dense jungle, and while we were going through his clothes two Japs sneaked up to within about 20 yards of us. Fortunately, three of our men nearby spotted them in time.

"You would be surprised at the type of country that we are in now. From the hot, steamy jungle, rain, and 'mossies' that we were used to we've come to a very fertile valley.

"We're camped in a house about 4000 feet above sea level, and about 600 feet above the floor of the valley."

A nursing sister in New Guinea to Mrs. N. B. Miller, Nhill, Vic.:

"THE hospital is situated in a very pretty location, near a river, in a valley surrounded by ranges.

"The hospital itself covers numerous hills, valleys, and ridges, and looks like a jig-saw puzzle from the air. Good roads have been constructed, bridges and drainage perfected.

"We live in tents erected on hills, ridges, and in valleys. There are usually four sisters to each tent, and all tents are lit by electric light.

"Our mess huts are three large native thatched buildings. The first is the kitchen, the second, which is entirely fly-wired in, is the eating mess, and the third, which is left open all around, is the lounge, and has a good supply of chairs and tables, and even a wireless and small canteen.

"Anti-malarial precautions are very strict. We take quinine each day and have to be completely anti-mosquito covered after 6 p.m. each evening.

"We have to wear khaki drill overalls, long sleeves, high necks, and gaiters. We cut fine figures, and at first caused much amusement to the patients and any men who saw us.

"However, everyone has become accustomed to us now, and take no notice. If we go out at night we wear long-sleeved uniforms and dreadful-looking grey leggings that give us the appearance of mid-Victorians.

"I have worked in the theatre since we arrived, and for the first few months we were kept terrifically busy.

"It has been a big strain on everyone, and we are all thankful for the present lull."

Lance-Cpl. R. Chapman somewhere in Australia to his mother in Courallie Ave., Flemington, N.S.W.:

"ON Sunday night some of the talent in the section put on a show and, without exaggeration, I reckon it came up to some of the Tivoli's best shows.

"One of our sergeants acts the part of Mo, and, believe me, he's the tops.

"The show went off without a hitch, except for one bloke who came out to sing 'San Antonia Rose.'

"He started off rather well, but somehow switched to 'Sierra Sue,' and ended up with the last two bars of the 'Maori's Farewell.'

"He received a better ovation than anyone."

Flying-Officer C. W. Newman in Bombay to his wife in Glenelg, S.A.:

"WHEN I first came here an Indian appointed himself our guide.

"Recently he told me he had had no tea that morning, so I gave him four annas. I saw him several times afterwards, and just a week ago he followed me from a shop, asking if he could speak to me as he was in trouble, his mother having died that morning, and he wanted money for the funeral.

"I asked how much and he said five rupees (7/6, English). This I gave him, and said I was sorry, and he seemed genuinely grateful.

"I was walking to work this morning and about fifty yards behind me, marching along the road, were the whole of the office staff of airmen.

"My Hindu friend stepped out from a shop, and seizing me by the hand dragged me to the shop entrance.

"There he placed around my neck a long garland of flowers, and thrust into my hand a posy—quite a large one.

"Shaking my hand, he wished me a happy (Hindu) New Year, and said how I was his friend.

"I walked off carrying his posy and garlanded, with the eyes and grins of all the airmen on me. I could not insult the Hindu by removing the flowers until I was out of his sight. I felt a prize chump."

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk and girls in the Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter, published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

AN ABORIGINAL BABY, whose mother was brought into a military hospital in the Northern Territory, poses for a picture with Sister Stella West. Photo sent in by Mrs. Downing, Malvern Road, Toorak, Victoria.

Interesting People

MISS KAY HOOPER

. . . Radio engineer

TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD Miss Kay Hooper, Sydney, is first woman in the British Empire to hold a first-class radio engineer's certificate in telegraphy and wireless telegraphy. As radio engineer on staff of Amalgamated Wireless (Australasia), she recently took over operation of an Australian radio station.

A.V.-M. F. H. McNAMARA

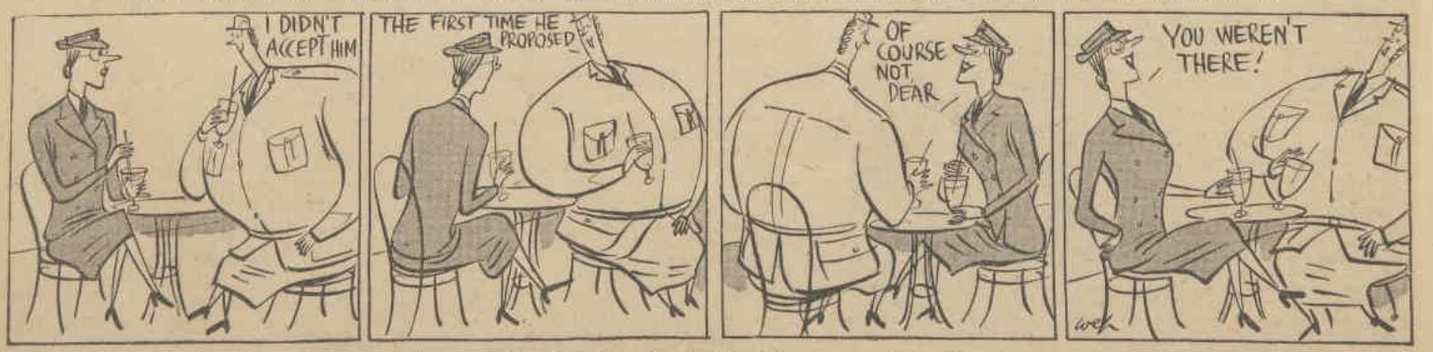
. . . Aden Command

IMPORTANT new post for famous Australian airman, Air Vice-Marshal F. H. McNamara, of Victoria, is Air Officer Commanding R.A.F. Command, Aden. Before present appointment was R.A.A.F. liaison officer at Overseas Headquarters, London, and Air Officer Commanding R.A.A.F. in England. Was only Australian airman to win Victoria Cross in last war.

MISS JEAN SCOTT

. . . Y.W.C.A.

NEW general secretary Sydney Y.W.C.A., Miss Jean Scott, is graduate of Board of Social Study and Training, Sydney. Her duties include provision of educational and recreational facilities at Y.W.C.A. for girls in war industries and munitions. Was formerly extension secretary, Sydney Y.W.C.A., and before that area general secretary, Newcastle, post which covered girls' welfare work in coalfield districts.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

ALTHOUGH people belonging to some of the star groups will have to "mind their steps" during the coming week, there is every indication that the majority will enjoy good fortune.

This will apply particularly to those born under the signs Taurus, Virgo, and Capricorn. These folk should make the most of their opportunities by seeking improvements in their conditions.

To a lesser degree, Pisceans and Cancerians will also be advantageously placed. They should not be too venturesome, but it should pay them to be diligent and watchful for chances to improve their lot.

Scorpions, however, have a troublesome time ahead, and will require to exercise all the caution they possess to keep out of trouble. Opposition, losses, and upsets confront them, and unless they are on guard all the time they are likely to have some upsetting experiences.

Leonians and Aquarians are also likely to be confronted with opposing conditions. Obstacles beset their path, and they will need to be particularly agile, both mentally and physically, to dodge the difficulties and worries likely to beset them.

The Daily Diary

Here is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Routine best this week. May 7 (to 9 a.m.) poor, but fair around midnight.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): May 4 (especially from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m.) can be fortunate. May 5 (to 10 a.m.) fortunate, then very fair. May 6 (to 8 a.m.) good. A time to seek promotion, changes and favors.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 22): Uneventful, so routine work best. May 7 (around midnight) best, but weak.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): May 4 (all round sunset and dusk) fair, also May 5 (before 10 a.m.), and May 6 (around dawn). Better May 9 (evening), May 10 (dawn hours), and May 11 (to midday).

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be guarded, avoid change, discord, upsets, delays and obstacles this week, especially on May 4 (to midday) and May 7. Routine best.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Possibilities of progress and gains, so work hard. May 4 (particularly from 4 to 8 p.m.) good, May 5 (to 10 a.m.) good, then very fair; May 6 (around dawn) good, then poor; May 9 (evening) and 10 (near dawn) fair; May 11 (to 11 a.m.) good.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Uneventful days for most Librans, so routine advised. May 7 (around midnight) best, but weak. Beware deception on May 10 and 11.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): An opposing week, so guard your possessions, temper, actions and decisions. Avoid all changes and new ventures for the present. May 4 (to midday) and 7 adverse.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Routine work best this week, especially on May 6, 7, and 8. On May 10 and May 11 (early) be careful of deceptive conditions.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Seek progress of all kinds on May 4 (especially between 4 and 8 p.m.), also on May 5 (best to 10 a.m.), and May 6 (around dawn). Caution advised for the rest of the week.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): A week of annoyances, difficulties, delays, and worries if you are not cautious. This is particularly so on May 4 (to midday) and May 7. Routine advised.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A very fair week is possible if you plan well and work hard. May 4 (between 4 and 8 p.m.), May 5 (to 10 a.m.), May 6 (to 7 a.m. only), May 9 (after 7 p.m.), May 10 (to 7 a.m.), and May 11 (to noon) all helpful.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are hot on the trail of the mysterious drug suspected of causing several inexplicable attempts at murder at an old-fashioned house where they are spending the week-end with
PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne. In each case it has been learned that a striped orchid was placed by the bed of the sleeper before the victim became obsessed with an urge to kill. Meantime,
UNCLE: A sinister figure, whose hobby is orchids, admits that, as the guardian of
CLAIR: He will lose her inheritance if she marries. Consequently, he places his deadly orchid in the room occupied by
BOB: Her fiance, where it is found.
NOW READ ON:

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Moving story of English family in air raids

SAILORS CLEAR AWAY DEBRIS after the third night of the devastating air raids on Plymouth two years ago. The story of how one family fared is told on this page.

SHOPGIRLS OF PLYMOUTH all helped to salvage jam — valuable in rationed England—after the blitz.

Plymouth Lord Mayor's secretary writes to Australian cousins

The terrible air raids on Britain in 1940 and 1941 brought forth countless acts of heroism and devotion.

But few of the stories from that unhappy time have been so graphic, or so well told, as that of the Deacon family, related in the following letter, which has just been sent to The Australian Women's Weekly.

MISS LOIS DEACON is secretary to the Lord Mayor of Plymouth (Lord Astor). In a letter to her cousin, Miss Blanche Newman, of Adelaide, she recounts the stirring events she lived through in Plymouth with her father and mother and sisters.

Miss Deacon did not write the letter until many months after the events had had time to take a just perspective in her mind.

The background of the story is not a new one, but such family affection and self-sacrifice have a timeless quality.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Deacon ("Mammy and Daddy") and four daughters, Lois, Edna (a teacher, who was killed in the raids), Berenice (a director of Dingle's, a big store in Plymouth), and Shirley (a schoolgirl).

There was also two-year-old Fleur, the baby daughter of Warwick Deacon, one of two Deacon sons who lived in other towns.

This is the letter from Miss Lois Deacon:

Dear Blanche,—You say that you feel as though you have no right to the blessings of plenty and sunshine while others suffer so much.

Speaking as one who has experienced a bombardment that was Hell let loose, I know it is wonderful to think that somewhere there is still sunshine, a bird on a bush, quiet rivers, trees, little lighted and warmed homesteads.

We in Plymouth found ourselves almost counting on our fingers those people who belonged to us by ties of birth who were outside the tornado, quietly sympathising, watching and hoping for us.

We are now living in Plymouth again in a little new six-roomed house, on the outer edge of Mannamead.

In this house there are Mammy and Daddy, Berenice and myself (Shirley spends her college vacations there), and Mary Herbert, a friend of mine, who was also bombed out.

In addition, we had until recently Warwick's baby (Fleur), as Betty, her mother, was in hospital so long.

We have had baby with us almost continuously since she was eight months old. Edna did practically everything for her and was the perfect "Mother"—getting up early to tend baby before going to her day's work at school, coming home to take charge of her again. Edna was an air-raid warden, and she was also doing a four years' art course, which would have given her an exceptional art diploma for teaching purposes.

Before the blitz we were in our four-storied old ten-roomed house at Collingwood Villas—solid walls, good garden, but a railway line and shunting trains at the foot of the garden.

Daddy and Edna were air-raid wardens, Berenice a voluntary part-time ambulance-driver.

Apart from my work as Lord Mayor's secretary, I was dabbling in Red Cross work.

Berenice's business was at the height of its expanded prosperity.

My office (the Lord Mayor's Parlor) was a beautiful copy from the Tudor — oak beams, Tudor fireplaces, Elizabethan oil portraits on the walls, all on the ground floor of the Municipal Buildings, looking on to the Guildhall Square.

MAN AND WOMAN WARDENS assist an old lady who was bombed out of her home. Miss Deacon vividly describes such scenes.

LORD ASTOR, Lord Mayor of Plymouth, and Lady Astor. The writer of the letter on this page, Miss Lois Deacon, is the Lord Mayor's secretary.

The two raids that wiped out our shopping and municipal centres came shortly after the King and Queen came to Plymouth.

We entertained them in the Guildhall Square. The sun blazed; it was a perfect day. Everyone turned out and felt it was like old times before the war.

That night we had the first instalment of the blitz.

Berenice was fire-watching in Dingle's big premises in Bedford Street.

Great businesses nearby were completely gutted that night, and she and the few others on duty fought like demons to save their own place, and won.

When I went to the Parlor next morning huge adjacent areas were roped off, fires were smouldering and soldiers were playing hoses on them.

I had to see the Vicar of St. Andrew's, and found him with his curate playing a stirrup pump on the burning roof of the Abbey Hall behind the church. Part of the church had been burned also.

Building gutted

THAT day Lady Astor came to the Parlor and ordered the historic portraits (including one of Drake) to be taken down from the walls and stored in the muniment-room under the municipal buildings.

That night the whole building was gutted, and everything in it destroyed except the contents of the muniment-room, which was shielded with iron plating.

At night, again Berenice was fire-watching at Dingle's.

I was at home, with Mammy and baby. Shirley was there. It was the most terrifying thing we had ever experienced.

Sometimes we dived (with the baby) under the kitchen table. Sometimes I ran up all the flights of stairs to find out whether the roof was burning.

Shirley has been at Exeter College throughout all our previous raids, and this was her first startling experience. She was frankly trembling from head to foot.

From the attic windows I saw huge fires raging in all parts of the town. Edna and Daddy came in from their wardens' post, and I made them a kettle of cocoa to take back to some bombed-out people.

Edna's hand was bleeding. She had broken a pane of glass in the window of a shattered house to get in to the people. Daddy had fought his way in and found dead and wounded among the debris.

In the early morning Berenice came home, pale and drawn, and when I could ask her what had happened, she said, "Dingle's gone—Pophams, Yeo's, Costers—the whole of Bedford Street gone, all George Street gone."

I said, "The Guildhall and Municipal Buildings?" and she said "All gone."

I just broke down and wept bitterly for Plymouth for about five minutes, but that was the only time.

Berenice had fought tooth and nail to save Dingle's building, breaking in over and over again after she had been turned out by the police.

Within a day or two Dingle's and the other big businesses in the town were opening up small branches in private houses, in small general shops scattered over the remnant of the town.

When I eventually tracked down my office folk, the morning after the March blitz, we congregated at the City Library, which was intact, and there we worked under the strangest, most-crowded conditions for one month.

Personally, I was receiving gifts of money that poured in on the Lord Mayor from all quarters of the globe for the relief of the bombed-out people.

Half a dozen Corporation departments were housed in the same large room! Chaos! Pandemonium! My sole office equipment was an attache case of my own, with bits of note-paper, pins, and pencils.

Four weeks later the library was destroyed with all its contents. Fourteen of Berenice's little shops were destroyed in one night.

Edna was killed on the first of three consecutive nights of blitz, the worst we had ever encountered.

Shirley was by then back at college in Exeter. The rest of us were all together at Collingwood, and baby was still with us.

This night we were in the very heart of the blitz.

Edna came in from her wardens' post and said that the neighbors, who had an Anderson shelter in their garden, were ready to take Mammy and the baby, if Mammy would come.

Edna took the baby, and I took Mammy.

It seemed an endless journey. We flung ourselves flat on the ground when we heard a bomb coming straight in our direction, and grovelled there, among broken glass, listening to the hell of the nearby explosions.

We got to the shelter, and Edna scrambled out, saying she must go straight to her post.

At that moment a bomb fell on the railway line nearby, and a lump of shattered timber hurtled through the air.

I climbed out of the shelter, and found Edna lying alongside it. Berenice and our neighbor were already with her. She had been hit on the side of the head by flying timber. The side of her helmet had been bashed right in.

Fires all round

BERENICE went to get her own ambulance and take Edna straight to hospital.

We couldn't move Edna. She was unconscious, and blood was streaming from her head. We covered it with lint, and held sheets of corrugated iron over her to protect her from falling shrapnel.

The fires burning all round made the night like daylight. A couple of young naval men leapt over the garden wall to see if they could help.

Berenice returned with the ambulance, and they helped lift Edna in. They went straight off to the city hospital at the other end of town, and Berenice never says much about that journey.

I don't know how she did it. She came back through the raging blitz, and I met her at the door of the shelter to learn that Edna was dead.

Presently a policeman came to turn us all out. There were two unexploded bombs in the house opposite.

We drifted down the road, and came to rest at No. 6. A woman we had never met took us all in. She was the dearest woman in the world, and mothered the lot of us.

Daddy, like a man charmed, walked about up and down the road. He extinguished a fire in the house next door to us, though the unexploded bombs were still in the house opposite, which was meanwhile burning to the ground.

An hour or two before Edna was killed I had watched her bath baby for the night and put on her nightgown and a little dainty woollie which she had knitted.

I think one of the most terrible moments of my life was next morning when I took those garments off the baby and thought of the hands that had made them and put them on so deftly and lovingly.

I found my temporary office a smouldering ruin.

Then began a period when it took hours to get anywhere. All kinds of places were closed because of demolition work, digging operations to recover bodies, unexploded bombs.

No one knew where to find anyone. Telephones, gas, electricity, and water were cut off. All buses were diverted and routes shortened.

Then I heard the joyful news that a friend of Berenice's, a Quaker lady, Miss Piper, wanted us to come to her house at Plymstock, four miles away.

I was so glad to get Mammy and Daddy out of Plymouth. They were both wonderful in their fortitude, but one couldn't have any peace while Daddy was walking about our ravaged neighborhood.

The unexploded bombs were still opposite, and the area was guarded by the police, but he insisted on going back to our house to feed Edna's guinea pigs, mice, and pet rabbits, which were still in their hutches in the huge chestnut tree.

She kept them for her drawings of animals for children.

That night was our third of blitz. Once again huge fires broke out.

Shirley, anxious and upset at Exeter, heard that we were hungry at Plymouth. She found her way to Collingwood with a loaf of bread under her arm, and walked up and down that ravaged road, asking strangers, "Please, can you tell me where I can find my mother?"

She found a neighbor who helped her, and then came and joined us at Plymstock.

Daddy went back to Collingwood and loaded the heavy hutches on to a borrowed handcart to take them to St. Dunstan's abbey school, where the sisters would look after Edna's pets.

The handcart broke down. Daddy hired the services of several small boys and proceeded on foot, carrying the terrifically heavy hutches.

Warwick arrived. He walked about the ruins of Plymouth and could only say, "My God, My God."

Each afternoon hordes of people trekked out of Plymouth on foot and on wheels, to sleep in barns, churches, and the open fields.

We who have salvaged most of our belongings are so much more fortunate than those whose whole house went up in smoke.

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Fine Victorian hospital for U.S. Forces

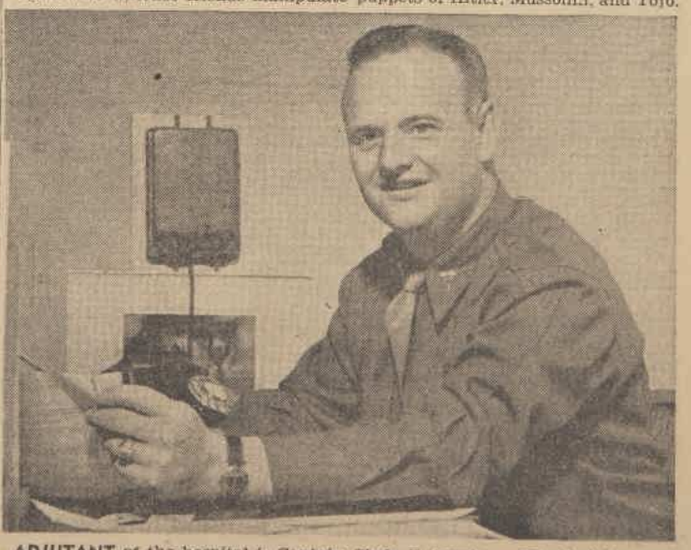
NURSES AT LUNCH. Sec.-Lieuts. Agnes Klinko, of New Jersey, and Ethel Gill, of Ohio, at lunch in commodious nurses' mess.

U.S. ARMY HOSPITAL in Victoria. Planned in peacetime as a civilian hospital, it was taken over by U.S. Army before the building was completed.

IN CONCERT HALL of this £773,000 hospital, Private Harry Yates, of North Carolina, tries out the microphone while a friend plays the piano for him.

MARIONETTE SHOW, made for hospital Red Cross centre by Corporal E. C. Peck, who watches friends manipulate puppets of Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo.

CANTEEN is favorite section with convalescents. The nine-story hospital has most modern equipment and furnishings, which cost £270,000.



ADJUTANT of the hospital is Captain Clyde E. Servis. The building had been intended for 540 beds, but is now adapted to house 2000 patients.

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Continuing . . . Common People

from page 4

BELLA looked across the room. Salvi was watching Pel's card tricks. The blonde put her hand on Estelle's knee. "Don't broadcast it," she said, "but if that guy started anything I believe he could walk all over me."

She did not see the expression on the armless girl's face because Marie came hurrying across with a drink for Estelle. Thoughtfully she had provided a glass with a stem. Estelle stretched her leg effortlessly and the toes took the glass easily and naturally. "Thank you, Marie," she said.

"Everybody got some?" Marie inquired. Everybody had. Pel picked up the giant's glass and put it into his hand. "Go on, Dan," Marie said.

Dan Carey poised his glass.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, taking Sapollo by the arm. "I want you to drink the health of our good friend and host, Henri Sapollo, and wish him good-luck. To-morrow he enters the tomb to make new history. I ask you to drink the good health, long life and many starves to the world's greatest fasting man, Henri Sapollo."

"Sapolio, the world's greatest starving man," they repeated and drank. Pel looked across at Estelle and saw her slim leg lift and bend, the stem of the glass between her toes, the glass coming to her lips in a movement that was almost graceful. Then she was again sitting cross-legged and the midget Micklewitz was taking the empty glass from her toes.

Pel thought: "What a woman." He thought of the courage behind what so many regarded as show-tricks, the years of patient practice following the accident that had robbed her of her arms.

The giant's huge paw fell with soft insistency on his arm, indicating the cards, and Pel dealt them again. The noise in the room was growing in volume. With the exception of Pelham and the giant everyone seemed to be talking.

Marie called gally: "The lavabo she is outside on the end of the passage when you want to powder the nose." They all laughed and Carey asked her what she wanted for the rights. Excepting Wang and Pel all began to move about, forming little groups, eating, drinking, swapping yarns and recollections. Every now and then one or other would leave the room and be boisterously greeted on returning.

Pel's game with Wang ended. The giant rose and stretched his arms. He grinned amiably and pushed the ceiling with his fingers. "Stop him, Danny," Marie screamed. "E'll bust the 'ouse." The giant smiled at her, walked to the door and out. Carey said, "Double rates," and everyone laughed again.

Pel stood alongside Salvi. "How's tricks?" he asked, and they talked about the show business till Bella came over and said, "Go away, Pel, I want to talk to Salvi."

"You'll be sorry," he said, laughing and walking away. A little later the giant came back and sat in his chair and closed his eyes.

The telephone rang sharply, adding to the din, and Marie answered it.

"'Allo," she called. "'Allo. Who you want? Who? Un moment, s'il vous plait."

She turned to where Salvi was standing with Bella and waved the receiver and pointed to the transmitter.

They were all so busy talking and listening to Carey, who was in the middle of a story, that most did not notice him step quickly to the phone. He pressed the receiver to his ear and said "Speak up." His eyes widened a little and he quickly put the instrument down and left the room. Only Bella and the giant noticed him go. Wang opened big, somnolent eyes and followed his movements. Bella shrugged her shoulders.

With quick, silent steps Salvi ran down the stairs. He paused at Rena Maroni's door but he did not knock. There was a key in the lock. He turned it and pushed the door. The room was dark.

Pel saw the giant's eyes on him, and he went to the professor and said: "Mind having a game with Wang. Poor devil feels out of it."

"Sure."

They crossed to Wang, and Pel handed the professor the cards, and he dealt them to the giant. Pel went over to Marie, Wang's mournful eyes following him.

"Could I have a word, Marie, in private?"

She looked surprised. "But, certainement," she said. She looked at the others and giggled. "M'sieur Pel 'e wish me to go wiz 'im to zee cabinet particulier," she said as she led him to the kitchen amid good-natured banter.

"Look what's happening, Henry," Carey cried. The professor looked up from his cards, grinning, and Bella wiggled two long fingers on either side of her forehead. Then she went to Sapolio and said: "Never mind, Pop. You can make love to me."

Marie shook her finger at them. "Now, you be'ave or I send you 'ome," she called.

As they left the room Salvi returned. He spoke to no one, but went straight to the sideboard and poured himself a drink. It was whisky, and he drank it neat and filled his glass again.

In the kitchen Marie turned to Pel. "What is it, mon ami?"

"Look, Marie," Pel said. "It's about that girl on the next floor."

He saw her stiffen and her eyes hardened.

"Her professional name's not Dora May," he said.

"No?" Marie's tone was contemptuous. "Then why she use it?"

"Now, Marie, that's not fair," Pel said. "She needs help. I want you to help her. I haven't told anyone else. She wouldn't let me. You've heard of Maroni's?"

"The circus?"

"Yes."

"I meet the director, Papa Maroni."

"This girl's his daughter."

Marie did not answer all at once. Then she said quietly: "Mon Dieu."

"She's in some sort of a jam. She walked out on the old man, and he's mad. But she's going back if the old man will let her. She has promised."

"She is artiste?"

"One of the best. Trapeze, acrobat, wire-walker, rider—you know, circus."

"What do you want me to do, Pel?"

"Go and see her—now. It will break the ice. Ask her up."

"Why, of course. Will she come?"

"We can try. We'll go down together."

They rejoined the others.

"Just as well," Carey said, dryly. "Pop was just asking me for a loan of my gun." From his pocket he produced a small revolver.

"Ugh," Estelle cried. "Put it away, Mr. Carey."

He grinned at her cheerfully. "I'll shoot you, my girl," he said, "if I get any more of that Mister stuff." He dropped the gun carelessly into his pocket, staring at her. When he saw her eyes drop and the color mount to her cheek, he shut his eyes and said under his breath: "Daniel Mulcahy Carey, it's your step you should be watching this night."

Marie went up to Sapolio and kissed him roundly. "Oo, my little cabbage," she purred, "were you very jealous?" Sapolio grinned happily. Bella said: "So it's all over between us?" She looked pointedly at Salvi, who was still at the sideboard. He didn't appear to hear her. He filled his glass again.

Marie whispered into her husband's ear. He raised his eyebrows but said nothing. With Pel she crossed to the door of the passage. "When we come back we 'ope to 'ave surprise," she said to the company.

She opened the door, and as she did so from somewhere below there came a piercing scream.

Marie cried: "Mon Dieu, what was that?"

They all crowded to the door and through it, and stood at the top of the steps, Wang and Salvi in the rear, the Chinaman towering above them, peering down. Pelham began to run downstairs. Carey followed him while the others stood, holding the stair railing, gazing, wondering.

Pelham knocked on Rena Maroni's door insistently, but there was no reply. He called "Rena," and stood listening, his ear to the panel. He tried the door, but it did not give.

"It came from here all right," Carey said. "There's a light in the room. It's funny. You know her, Pel?" He indicated the card on the door.

Pel nodded: "Rena Maroni," he said, and Carey said, "Good heavens."

Pel tattooed on the door while Carey waited, curious but silent. The others began to come slowly down the stairs a step or so at a time.

"There's something wrong, Dan?" Pel said. "We ought to break the door open."

"Why not? At the most it's only a lock."

They strained together, but it was tougher than it looked. Carey called out Wang, and the giant pushed through the others on the stairs and came slowly down. Carey imitated pushing the door with his shoulder, and stood aside.

The Chinaman leaned against the door, and they heard him draw a long, hissing breath. He strained, ever so lightly it seemed, and there was a little cracking sound and the lock of the door gave.

Pel pushed in under the giant's arm. The light in the room was full on. Rena Maroni lay on her back on the floor in the centre of the room, her head twisted sideways at a curious angle.

To be continued

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, May 5: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, May 6 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."
FRIDAY, May 7: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.
SATURDAY, May 8: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Couplets."
SUNDAY, May 9 (from 4.30 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "First of All, It's Music."
MONDAY, May 10: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, May 11: Musical Alphabet.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Now, be sure it goes to a tall, handsome soldier with curly hair, and put my telephone number on the bottle!"

Drove truck, now singer

Triumph over paralysis

A novel twist will be given to a new half-hour Saturday night programme from Station 2GB by the invitation to radio listeners to send in the names of the songs they wish to hear over the air.

The artist chosen for these request songs is Johnny Wade, and the title of the session is "Please, Johnny Wade."

THERE are some people who would refer to Johnny Wade as a crooner, but he has something more than personality and a way of putting over a song—he has a real singing voice.

There is an interesting story behind the success of this young Australian, who for four years was the band-vocalist at one of Sydney's leading theatres, and has frequently been starred in radio programmes. Incidentally, this is the first programme in which he is the only star, and one of the few in Australia to be built entirely round one singer.

Wade commenced his singing career as a boy soprano, but he lost his voice round about the age of 14. Even when he was 18 his voice showed no signs of returning, so he gave up hopes of a singing career and went to work at the markets.

Regained voice

ONE day, while driving a truck, he started to sing—his voice had returned. Thereupon he decided to study music again, and tried to enrol as a student of the Hawaiian guitar. But when he sang the school retained him as vocalist of their band.

Later he learned both the Hawaiian and Spanish guitars, and in "Please, Johnny Wade" will be heard at times playing his own accompaniments.

As a child Johnny Wade was afflicted with infantile paralysis. The doctor thought he would be a hopeless cripple, and ordered that he should wear a steel support on his left side. His mother, however, refused to allow him to wear this.

Instead, she encouraged him to exercise his limbs, and gradually he gained sufficient control to be able to walk again, although the paralysis still affects the use of his left leg.

Had it not been for this persistence on the part of his mother, Johnny Wade might never have achieved success, and he feels today that any good fortune he has had is but payment to his mother for her care and encouragement.

"Please, Johnny Wade" commences this Saturday, May 8, and will be heard from 2GB at 9.30 every Saturday night as successor to the "A to Z Musical Revue."

Kaypees Don't Fly

Continued from page 5

THE big bomber was heading deep into enemy territory. Already the arrow-like blades of searchlights were probing from below. Flint's heart kicked about inside him with the numbing realisation that while he was part of all this he was not an integral part.

He was cold now and beginning to feel the effects of the altitude. He breathed in short gasps and decided that if there was any chow aboard now was the time to get it before he folded up. He worked his way uncertainly past another figure posted behind a black gun-breech into which was fed a broad snake-like belt of ammunition.

"Hey!" he yelled into the gunner's ear. "Where's the chow?"

"That wall locker over there," the gunner growled back.

"How about some java?"

"Sure! Since when we got K.P. guys aboard to sling hash?"

Flint ignored that and stumbled across to the locker. He was just reaching up for the latch when the Bastion leaped and rang with the resonant crash of a heavy blow. A terrific blast of wind typhooned up and drove young Flint along the narrow catwalk. The side gunner reached up and grabbed him. "The bomb doors are open! Get out of here!" he yelled.

The bomber lurched on and then staggered under the blow. Flint went to his hands and knees near the feet of the waist gunners, who were hunched and following the breech casings of their Brownings. The mad rattle of mechanism and the stench of burned powder made little Albin wince, but he watched how they thumbed the round metal buttons behind the handles.

Had he been hooked into the communication line Flint could have listened-in on the crisp orders and reports crackling back and forth from the tail turret to the bomb-sight compartment. He would have heard the engineer half sobbing with frustration that he couldn't do anything about the bomb doors, and that half the hydraulic system which provided pressure for flaps, automatic fire extinguishers, and the retractable landing-gear had been ripped out with a chunk of flak. Flint would have trembled at the concern expressed by Captain Frost as to whether the bomb-release mechanism would respond when they went at their target.

The Bastion recovered and blundered on through the tempest of hate and concussion. Flint squinted back towards the aperture, which provided a view through the open bomb doors. He could see the long 1000-pounders, sleek and sinister in their metal racks.

Flint was fascinated by the revelation but had he been in the control pit he would have seen Frost hesitate, wipe his upper lip with his tongue, and draw the wheel back with a muscular twitch. Frost took over his intercom mike and spoke to the bombardier: "Stand by, bombardier! To bombardier from pilot: Will fly level at six thousand. Will circle target once and then make runover from south-east to north-west . . . check!"

Private Flint knew nothing of the drama being enacted forward. He could only kneel on the catwalk and watch the fire-spattered world tilt up at a new angle as the Bastion was drawn up into level flight. The bomber rocked again and a gargled scream knifed along the catwalk. Flint turned and saw a side gunner slumped below the gun mounting, his knees drawn up.

"You all right?" inquired Flint solicitously when he had crawled to the gunner's side.

"Never mind me," the gunner growled. "Get up there and nail that guy!" He jerked his head towards the gun breech.

The bomber leaped again with another blow before Flint could reach the gun. The blast from the open bomb-chamber increased in volume and the belly of the Bastion became a blocked-off wind tunnel. There was a new stench of smoke, and the brittle tang of hot metal. Flint turned to seek advice from the other side gunner and suddenly the metal cavern was aglow with flame that spurted from a tangle of metal somewhere above the still-open bomb doors.

"This is a flamer!" a gunner yelled.

A side gunner huddled and snapped on his chute pack and then hooked a pack into the harness still worn by the wounded man.

The flame gilded them as they crawled forward towards the open bomb chamber. "We're getting out of here," a gunner barked. "We're not staying here to fry. The whole automatic system must be off."

"Sure," agreed Albin. "Lemme help you . . ."

But the side gunner shoved him away, lifted the wounded man, and dragged him along the catwalk: "Your pack's fitted, Joe. Grab your ring, kid. We're hitting the silk!"

The wounded man nodded with a dumb grimace and crawled to the open floor panel and rolled out into space. The second side gunner looked back once, wagged his head and pitched headlong through the bolster of flame and disappeared.

Flint gasped: "Creepers! They jumped out—the dopes! That's Germany down there!"

He turned. The dorsal turret gunner was directing a stream of whitish liquid from a scarlet tank full into the flames that were dancing and splashing over the tail fins of the exposed bombs.

The stench of extinguisher fluid from the dorsal turret almost suffocated Flint, and gradually forced him along the wall until he was on the narrow ledge that framed the sides of the bomb chamber. He covered his face with his hands and then peered through his open fingers and saw that a broken copper tube was spurting a bluish stream of liquid full into the flames.

"That shouldn't be like that," he thought to himself.

The dorsal turret guy was screaming something at him, but Private Flint was half-blind, and tortured with the realisation that something ought to be done, and that the dorsal gunner was probably trying to explain.

He tried to get across to the broken tube, but the flames drove him back. He moved forward, straddled his insteps over the long black bombs and struggled his way farther along towards the gushing tube.

"You fool!" the dorsal gunner yelled. "You're standing on the bombs. If they pull the plug you'll . . ."

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Joan Fontaine now American citizen

Cabled by VIOLA MACDONALD from Hollywood

JOAN FONTAINE had an interesting week recently. She became an American citizen . . . She finished making her latest picture, "Jane Eyre" . . . and she left for a vacation in Mexico . . . all within seven days.

Although Joan is of British parentage and has grown up in America, she was considered an enemy alien in America until she took out her citizenship.

She was born in Japan, but when she was two her family moved to Southern California for her health. Since then she has lived a typically American life.

She has worked in films since she was eighteen. Since war began she has done War Bond sales tours, and is a Volunteer Nurses Aid.

★ ★ ★

WITH the ranks of stars sadly depleted by the war, it is interesting that Selznick has discovered more promising players. These include two men from the stage—Gordon Oliver and Gregory Peck—Robert Anderson, from radio, and a girl, Kim Hunter, from the Pasadena Playhouse. All players have been loaned out to RKO for acting jobs in a unique contract-sharing deal between Selznick and RKO.

★ ★ ★

WHEN John Payne was on furlough from the Army he rode his motor bike from the base at Arizona to Hollywood to spend some time there.

★ ★ ★

EVEN Linda Darnell's most intimate friends were surprised to hear of her elopement with Sergeant Peverell Marley, formerly her cameraman at Twentieth Century-Fox studios. Sergeant Marley is forty-nine, and has been married twice previously, first to Lina Basquette, and then to Virginia Macadoo. Bridesmaid at the Darnell-Marley wedding at Las Vegas was Ann Miller.

VAN JOHNSON, who made his debut in the film "War Against Mrs. Hadley"—he played the role of the son of Mrs. Hadley—has almost recovered from his recent motor-car smash. It has been found that, although he sustained serious injuries, plastic surgery is not necessary, as was feared at first. Attractive newcomer Van will soon be able to resume his role, starring with Spencer Tracy in Metro's "The Guy Named Joe."

★ ★ ★

RICHARD TRAVIS has joined the U.S.A. Marines. Richard, you will remember, was Bette Davis' discovery, and appeared with her in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and seemed to be well on the way to an important screen career.

★ ★ ★

LIEUTENANT HUGH ENFIELD, whose screen name is Craig Reynolds, married actress Barbara Pepper while he was on leave recently from Pacific duty. Lieutenant Enfield has been wounded in action and is still under the care of the U.S.A. Navy hospital.

★ ★ ★

FRANCES LANGFORD made a great hit when she toured Army camps in Alaska. As a reward the boys have sent her an enormous husky breed dog for a gift. Frances loves the dog, but ruefully admits how it is affecting her meat rationing.

• • •

ONE of the most regular war-workers at the Hollywood Canteen is Basil Rathbone. He has not missed a single Sunday since the opening. He washes dishes, carries trays, and is also master of ceremonies.

FAMOUS ACTRESS Diana Wynyard photographed with husband, Captain Carol Reed, during his recent leave in London. The pair were married at Caxton Hall, London, last February. Before joining the Army Captain Reed was the well-known English film director.

ERROL FLYNN has finished a book called "Charlie Bow Tie Comes to America." This book has a New Guinea background. Flynn claims that it is not an autobiography and is only fiction.

★ ★ ★

BILL MARSHALL has gone into the Army, so newly-wed wife Michele will sell their honeymoon home.

PARAMOUNT is combing casting directories for two ghosts to play in Dorothy McCardle's ghost story, "The Uninvited Guest," which stars Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey as brother and sister with a newcomer, Gail Russell. In the story the ghosts are two women who hate each other.

Film Reviews

★ ONE DANGEROUS NIGHT

Warren William, Marguerite Chapman. (Columbia.)

A MODERATELY fast-moving mystery drama featuring Warren William as the Lone Wolf. This time the debonair adventurer gets more than average share of excitement and, in addition to solving the murders, he has a complicated time escaping from the clutches of the law and from five glamor-girls.

The story tends to get confused in spots, and the mystery angle is poor, but competent players make this film mildly entertaining.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ NIGHT MONSTER

Bela Lugosi, Irene Hervey. (Universal.)

WRITTEN along standard lines, Universal's new mystery thriller gets away to a slow start, and there is little real excitement and chills to redeem it.

There is the usual eerie country house, presided over by Ralph Morgan, which forms the background for a crowd of weird figures headed by Bela Lugosi and a series of gruesome murders.

Irene Hervey and Don Porter inject a half-hearted touch of romance into the story.—Capitol; showing.

★ YOUNG AND WILLING

William Holden, Susan Hayward. (United Artists.)

A GAY, goofy comedy played by a very youthful cast. It is the madcap experiences of six young stage aspirants, who scheme by hook or by crook to have their talents recognised by stage producer Arthur Kenny (Robert Benchley).

Three decorative young girls — Susan Hayward, Martha O'Driscoll, and Barbara Britton—and three boys — William Holden, Eddie Bracken, and Jim Brown—are involved in the hilarious proceedings. —Civic; showing.

Kaypees Don't Fly

Continued from page 18

BUT the roar of slipstream, the rage of engines and the crackle of the flames drowned out the warning, and little Albin worked his way along and grabbed at the open end of the tube. He caught the tang of the liquid as it sprayed through his clenched fist and then sensed that this probably was a line leading from one of the wing tanks.

"You're on the bombs!" the gunner yelled again. "Get out of there!"

"That's right," agreed Flint. "I gotter get out of here. That's Germany down there."

He tugged his giddy fatigue hat tighter over his face with his free hand and wondered how he could stop the flow of gasoline. He fumbled gingerly and saw that the dorsal guy was blotting the flame out along the catwalk.

"Get off those bombs, you fool!" the upper gunner yelled.

"Sure! Wait a minute while I . . . Holy Smoke . . . I clean forgot!"

He felt in his pocket and came out with the half-peeled potato. He made a sudden swipe, rammed the big potato over the end of the copper tube. It held, and he hung on to make certain it would stick.

Then slowly he crawled along the flange of the bomb door, and then came to the edge where some raw gas still burned. He hung there a second or so and then decided he'd better get back the other way, but someone reached over, grabbed him under the arm and lugged him across the flaming catwalk grid to safety.

"What the heck did you do?" the dorsal gunner demanded. "What stopped that gas flow?"

"I just stuck a potato over the end. Is that what was burning?" inquired little Albin as he patted his face and wondered why the skin across his cheek felt so tight.

"Sure! I couldn't hold it with just what I had. It was spraying from the main feed line, and I thought we were goners. You better go forward and report to Cappy. My intercommunication line is out."

"Cappy?"

"Sure! Captain Frost up forward. He'll probably be giving an abandon-ship order, if he don't know."

Flint worked his way forward, and finally came to a narrow doorway fitted to the main bulkhead. He saw the compact shoulder of Captain Frost outlined against the bank of instruments.

"Private Flint reporting, sir!" yelled little Albin. "The fire's out, but two of your gunners jumped overboard. Can I serve the coffee now, sir?"

Frost stared at the charred apparition that grinned at him from the doorway. "She's out? . . . You sure?"

"Sure, sir! I stuck a potato on the end of a pipe. I guess it was gasoline . . . and we got it out. I was on K.P., and I had a spud in my pocket."

Frost blinked and took several seconds to digest the potato gag. He looked quickly at his instruments and turned to grin across at his co-pilot: "Get it, Pete? He stuck a potato on the end of a pipe. Look! The fuel gauge is holding now. We'll get all the way back!"

Captain Frost thanked his lucky stars there were still men in the Service charged with a blazing singleness of purpose and deified with the ability to react when the occasion arose. He cleared the Bastion and took her over the North Sea and headed for The Wash on the coast of Lincolnshire. At intervals he glanced across at Flint, who sat luxuriating in the control pit, utterly oblivious of the danger that still faced them.

The co-pilot came to him with a face as long as a wet week. "We take a belly-flop, I guess," he said. "Two bomb bay jacks are burned out, and we can't get the doors up. The wheels won't come down, either."

Frost nodded and scrawled a message on a thigh pad: "I'll get her over the field and all hands will abandon ship. I'll take her in and try to skid her on the bomb doors. Warn the crew!"

The co-pilot thumbed at Flint. "What about this guy? No parachute."

"He can take mine. I won't need it," Frost said.

Flint took it all in and then reached over and grabbed Frost's arm. "I'd like to stay with you, sir. Maybe I can be of some help."

"You want to stay for a crash landing?"

"Yes, sir. I'll stay with you."

The field was warned by radio and Frost circled the Chuzzleton Priory aerodrome while Corporal Krause rounded up the enlisted men and lined them up at the open hatch of the bomb chamber. The co-pilot, engineer, and bombardier came next, checking straps and snaffles. One by one they drew in their breath and went out head first.

"Okay, soldier!" Frost grinned. "This is it. Ram your feet against the instrument board. Wrap your arms around your head and—hang on. It may not be too bad . . . with your luck."

"Yes, sir," grinned Private Flint. "But just in case, sir. There's one thing . . ." He leaned over, pointed down the companionway to the front office and made his request.

"Sure thing! Glad you thought of that. Now hang on."

The Bastion went in, flaps down and the propellers properly set. Captain Frost checked his shoulder-straps and quick-release gear and grinned across at Flint. She touched once and ploughed up the runway with the raw edges of the bomb doors and then flailed savagely with her prop blades. She bounced, tore an inboard engine out of its mounting and subsided with a growl of wrenched metal, and skidded along on her belly.

"Wow! We made it, Cappy!" beamed Private Flint.

"Cappy!" protested the pilot amid the tinkle of instrument dial glass. "What the . . .?"

But little Albin was out of the belt and clambering through the tangle to get into the wreckage of the nose. He came up bearing a well-zipped valise and plunged on down the catwalk for the door. The last Captain Frost saw of him that night was when little Albin went off, still clutching the bomb sight to his chest with two scuttle-helmeted sentries escorting him in charred triumph to the Administration Building.

"Who says Kaypees can't fly?" challenged Captain Frost from the battered cabin door.

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Let him know the songs you want him to sing, and he will sing them for you.

"Please, Johnny Wade"

Send in your request to Australia's foremost vocalist, addressed to "Please, Johnny Wade," c/- 2GB.

SATURDAY— 9.30 P.M.

2GB

The Girls, too, have their way now in . . .

"Youth Speaks"

Radio's most challenging session—the show that tells you what youth is thinking and saying—is the talk of the town.

2GB FRIDAYS — 7.30 P.M.

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CHAPEL WEDDING. Captain Peter Wallman, A.A.M.C., and his bride, formerly Joy Machin, after their wedding at Shore Chapel. Best man, Flight-Lieutenant Mick Norton; groomsman, F.-O. Fred Moylan; and bridesmaids, Helen Ross and Helen Machin, are the attendants.

MARRIED IN U.S. Lieut. John Downing, of U.S. Navy, and his wife, formerly Babette White, of Sydney, who were married a few weeks ago in New York. This picture was taken in Sydney when they first met during visit of U.S. naval squadron to Australia.

PRIVATE FRED LORRIMAR enjoys afternoon tea served by Mrs. J. P. Williams, chief hostess at new snack bar and lounge, at the Methodist Hospitality Centre, 133 Castlereagh Street.

On and Off Duty.

CABLE for Mrs. E. K. White from her daughter Babette to say she and U.S. Navy Lieutenant John Downing were married in New York, and as John is on shore duty at the moment will make their home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. White has graphic letter from John telling of his experiences during the sinking of the Chicago.

"I just had time to go to my cabin and grab Babette's picture and the wedding ring (which I bought for her in the States) and get up on deck again," he says.

"We all took off our shoes before going over the side. The ship was sinking, and it wouldn't have mattered if we had tossed the shoes overboard, but for some reason we all put them neatly together in rows before going over the side of the sinking ship."

John was in the water two hours before he was picked up by a rescue ship.

• • •

DOUBLE celebration for Sheila Commander last Saturday as she announces her engagement to Douglas Wedd at her birthday party.

Sheila is the only daughter of Lieutenant T. W. F. Commander, R.A.N.R. (s), and Mrs. Commander, of Coogee, and her fiance is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Wedd, of Randwick.

• • •

MOVING day last Tuesday for 2/7 Armored Regiment Younger Set. Younger Set have taken room 34, Paling's Building, George Street, where they are now ensconced.

Secretary Bubbles Green has been searching for new rooms for some time, as Younger Set has grown till they could no longer share rooms with senior committee, and had to seek own offices.

• • •

AS "something borrowed," bride Jean Lister wears crystal pendant belonging to her mother, Mrs. C. Lister, of Black Forest.

Jean marries Corporal John Clarke, A.I.F., at Black Forest Baptist Church.

John is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Clarke, of Glandore, and Jean is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Lister, of Black Forest.

DOROTHY IRELAND chooses St. Clement's Church, Mosman, for her wedding to Lieutenant Thomas Hugh Kneen, A.I.F. (returned).

Dorothy, who is attended by Mary Harker and Roslyn Crockford, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Ireland, of Mosman, and the bridegroom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kneen, of Beaumaris, Victoria.

Best man is Sergeant Les Renso, A.I.F., and groomsman is Sergeant Bob Strachan, A.I.F., both of whom were in the Middle East with the bridegroom.

• • •

LOVELY hamper full of poultry, groceries and delicacies prize in Anti-Aircraft Searchlights Women's Auxiliary guessing competition.

President Mrs. Florence Barrett calls meeting last Friday in every month at Room 116, 2nd Floor, Strand Arcade, and all relatives and friends of the boys are asked to attend.

• • •

COBBERS' REVUE COMPANY, which played at The Australian Women's Weekly Club last week, is made up of men and girls in essential jobs who give their spare time to entertaining servicemen and women.

Conductor Jack Briggs finishes playing in the band at 11.30, and goes straight to all night job as railway electrician; violinist George Bartley is a munition worker, and pianist Mrs. Jean Kenelly has a son in the Army, and daughter who is an ambulance driver in the A.W.A.S.

Band will play again at The Australian Women's Weekly Club on May 14.

OPPORTUNITY SHOP. Mrs. Alan Copeland sweeps out the Peter Pan Kindergarten shop in Rowe Street, while Mrs. Rudolph Mueller polishes the window.

"WE Americans seem to get most homesick on Sunday mornings," Mrs. Ethel Parker (entertainment director of American Red Cross Service Club) tells me. "So I started holding parties with coffee and doughnuts for the boys every Sunday morning."

"We just sit around and read the Sunday papers, and mostly we just talk about home."

"I think the war has made the average American boy appreciate his home far more."

Betty

HELPING HAND. Heavy rush on coffee at Allied Soldiers' Club in Macleay Street. Pte. W. A. H. Atkinson helps voluntary workers Ruth and Eileen Burke in kitchen.

Heard Around TOWN

TWO square diamonds in Peggy Lee's engagement ring.

Peggy, who is the eldest twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Lee, of Parramatta, announces her engagement to Sergeant Royce A. Webb (returned), elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Webb, of Dobroyd Point.

Sergeant Webb was twice mentioned in despatches when he was in the Middle East with the A.I.F.

• • •

FAMOUS American magazine artist Maclelland Barclay, now a commander in U.S. Navy, seen recently in Sydney.

Is extremely interested in Australia, and is especially enthusiastic about "Our Harbor." Wants to come back after the war and see it with lights around it.

Enthuses about the Australian girls, too. "Their beauty is more delicate than I imagined," he tells friends. Says scenery off coast of Sydney reminds him of home at Montauk, Long Island.

TENNIS PLAYER WEDS. Sergeant Henry Lindon, A.I.F., former interstate tennis player, and his bride, Maurine Wilson, after their recent wedding.

PARTY at Prince's for Marcia Dunkley and Lieutenant Gordon Campbell, A.I.F., to announce their engagement.

Marcia is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Dunkley, of Dobroyd Point, and Gordon is the youngest son of Mrs. Lucy Campbell, of Oban, Coolatai.

• • •

ENGAGEMENT announced. Ruth, youngest daughter of Mrs. M. Wall and late Mr. J. H. Wall, of Stanmore, to Dr. William Hillyer, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. P. V. Hillyer, of Bangalow, N.S.W.

FOR RED CROSS AUCTION. Schoolgirl Sylvia Nelson and her sister, Mrs. John Kershaw, show Staff-Sergeant Joe Mast some of the donations of china for Red Cross auction at David Jones' on May 18.

U.S. NURSES' CLUB. Camilla Audette and Mrs. E. M. Stafford, helpers at new American Red Cross Nurses Club, and U.S. nurse, 1st Lieut. Peggy Cardaugh, in pleasant lounge of club.

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THEY MAKE THEIR OWN...

THIS hankering to look like a film star in one of her most exotic moments is boring pretty deeply into women these days. Probably it's a reaction against uniforms and slick tailored that make us yearn to be devastatingly feminine again.

But who knows, those sumptuous screen gowns may be last year's models converted into stunning new creations.

Remember, there are no exemptions in the clothes-rationing scheme, and even the film stars make do with renovations.

For instance, Universal star, Teresa Wright, makes all her own clothes, and plays an active part in designing her screen wardrobe. On or off the screen, Teresa demonstrates practical, yet chic, tailored classics of the type which have become a wartime stand by for patriotic American women.

Neutral in color, and sturdy of fabric, designed to be seen from dawn till the day's end, her clothes are perfect examples of what should be chosen with comfort and charm as the "musts" to bear in mind when making a wardrobe purchase these days.

Adaptable suits

ONE of her favorite outfits is a beige-grey close weave wool suit, cut into an action-flare skirt—just enough flare to allow for walking freedom—and features a snug jacket which ties at the waist and neckline with a bow of self material.

Teresa also loves suedette, and wears a hip-length jacket over a three-panel skirt, which buttons down the front. Items like these need only a little help in the way of sweaters and blouses to carry on brightly for the duration.

If your status as a dressmaker is on a very amateur standing, and the mere thought of cutting into that precious length of material sends you into a frenzy, experiment with a few simple renovations.

Tucked away in your wardrobe you must have some frock, that with a little thought can be rekindled to glamor. Maybe that frock has a flared or pleated skirt, so why not unpick it and re-cut into a straight skirt and cunningly contrive to use the left overpieces for patch pockets —say, a couple on the bodice, and perhaps a couple of whopping ones to relieve the tailored slimness of the skirt.

Then hunt through that scrapbox for an odd bit of lace or muslin to provide a pertly flattering uprush of froth at the neckline. The result is a fetching little frock that will serve you proudly through the winter of 1943.

Whether you are working at a canteen or working on a farm, the eternal Eve in you urges you to surmount the grim challenge of wartime restrictions, so when you leave your war work to meet the man on leave be unforgettably lovely in home-made "glad rags."

—PEG McCARTNEY.

● *"This casually-tailored blue suedette suit is perfect for all occasions," says Teresa Wright, who wears this outfit in her latest Universal film, "Shadow of a Doubt," and had it copied in beige for her personal wardrobe. In the top picture Teresa is seen re-making last year's plaid coat into a perky little pinafore frock, which she plans to team with crisp white blouses to wear for afternoons at home.*

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Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note:

"'Nectarne,' in 'Smith's,' recently brought me between £5 and £6."

"Three serials returned me £165."

"For my last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' I received £6/19/6."

"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/15/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by ELO and broadcast by the A.B.C."

"'The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/12/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £5 for my first story, 'Twin Ships.' 'Tilly Pulls Through,' £6/6/-."

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell Street, Melbourne; 147 Castlereagh Street, Sydney; 290 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 50 Grenfell Street, Adelaide; 254 Murray Street, Perth.

You, too, can win success as a writer by taking STOTT'S Postal Course.

MAIL THIS COUPON —— CUT HERE.

To Stott's: Please send me Literary Prospectus Free, and without obligation.

MY NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A.W.W.243 ..... Age....

TAILORED TREASURES . . . *from London*

● This attractive quartet is designed to defy the chilliest winds, and carry you smartly through the winter of 1943.

● Suavely sophisticated coat-frock in Ming-turquoise angora fabric. Matita has styled it on loose, flowing lines for comfort and figure-flattery.

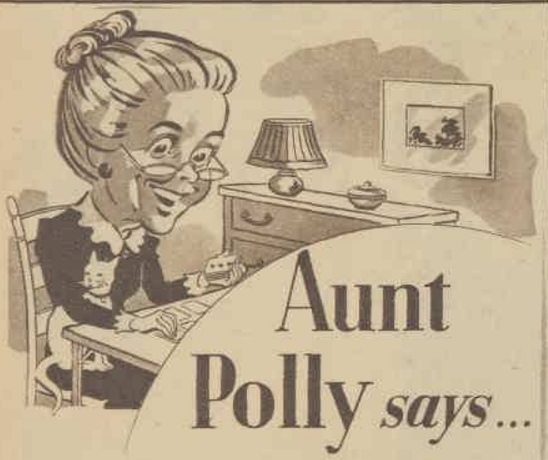
● Turquoise-blue and tan "mixture" flannel is Matita's choice for a tailored frock and brief matching bolero. Neckline is banded with plain turquoise.

● Beige velveteen for Dorville's plain shirtwaist frock, with flared skirt, self-material belt and trim shirt-type bodice. Perfect style to team with gay jackets.

● Brilliant red corduroy suit cut with a long-torso line jacket and a wide, swinging skirt that achieves fullness with six unpressed pleats. Designed by Dorville.

'NUGGET' is **BLACKER BRIGHTER** and *Very Economical to use —*

NP10



Aunt Polly *says...*

Why is it the boy you almost married always ends up a major-general?

• • •

Fortunately you don't have to be married to a major-general to have clean-gleamin' table linen and sheets! No matter how much money you have, you just can't buy thicker, richer suds than Rinso's. And I'll back Rinso against all-comers to get things really clean.

• • •

When the boy next door starts practising the piano, the only thing for me to do is to get out the vacuum cleaner and start singing.

• • •

Some folks are always in such a hurry to put their best foot forward they don't care who they step on.

• • •

"Fair's fair", I always say. I take as much care over clothes as the next person, but a lot o' credit belongs to Rinso on washday. It's so light-fingered with silks and coloureds no wonder they last.

Rinso's richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle

A LEVER PRODUCT Z.47.26

Make Your Own Gloves

Kid and Calf Leathers available in whole skins sufficient to cut 1 to 3 pairs. Black and Brown only.

Patterns (in all sizes) 1/9 per set extra.

JOHNSON & SONS,
202 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY.
Phone, M4271.

Knit this cardigan yourself and save the manpower required to produce a made-up garment.

KNIT TO SAVE COUPONS

This winter-weight cardigan requires only 5 coupons. For easy-to-follow instructions, see Sun-Glo Knitting Book, Series 47.

This garment can be knitted in either Sunbeam Blanket Wool or Wilga Blanket Wool. Wilga Blanket Wool is a new wool produced by the makers of Sunbeam and Sun-Glo Wools since the publication of Sun-Glo Knitting Book, Series 47.

Sun-Glo Knitting Books (price 7d. everywhere or 8½d. posted) contain over 100 practical designs. They are all illustrated in the "Sun-Glo" Style Guide, sent free on receipt of coupon below.

SUNBEAM and WILGA
Blanket Wools
SUN-GLO PRODUCTS

SB 5

1943 STYLE GUIDE FREE

Alexandria Spinning Mills,
Dept. A48. 50 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.
Please send me your new "Sun-Glo" Style Guide showing 1943 fashions in hand-knitwear.

Name.....

Address.....
Please write name and address in block letters.

Manufactured by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd. at their Alexandria Spinning Mills, Sydney. Wholesale Distributors: Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd., all States.

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Fashion PATTERNS

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

F275

Useful suit for 2 to 4-year-olds

MOTHERS seeking a well-designed suit for small boys will be interested in this ready-to-make—note sketch at left.

Design is traced on hard-wearing material named linette in shades of lemon, green, pink, blue, coffee, and white.

The design consists of a short-sleeved shirt, gathered on to a small shoulder-yoke, and with twin pockets. The trousers are plain and roomy, and belted at the waistline.

Size 2 to 4 years, 3/11; size 4 to 6 years, 4/11, plus 3½d. postage and 5 coupons.

Paper pattern only costs 1/4.

When ordering, please ask for No. 275.

F160

Chic jacket for autumn

YOU'LL certainly look trim and smart in this jacket (160). It's a ready-to-make.

The pattern is clearly traced on to a warm material with a woollen finish, named English rayon cloth, in attractive shades of grey, pale blue, vintage, and rust. The style features a fitted line, high neck, and front-buttoned fastening. Short sleeves, nipped-in waist, and gaily-embroidered front and pockets all add to this attractive jacket.

Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, price, 19/11; 6½d. postage, 10 coupons.

Sizes 36in. and 38in. bust, price, 22/6; 6½d. postage, 10 coupons.

No pattern available.

Charming duchesse set

BELOW you see illustrated a new and lovely duchesse set, which is obtainable from our Needlework Department in organdie all ready for embroidery.

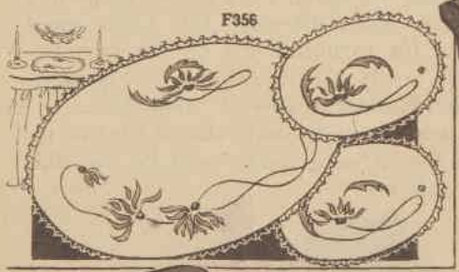
You may have this three-piece set in white, pink, and blue.

The sprays can be worked in one color or in vivid tones, according to your fancy.

Price 3/9, plus 3½d. postage.

When ordering, please quote 356

F356



Special Concession Pattern

Pattern available for one month only from date of issue.

TWO PRETTY HATS AND A BAG.

Size, medium.

No. 1.—Requires 1yd., 36ins. wide, and 1yd. French canvas for lining.

No. 2.—Requires ¾yd., 36ins. wide, and ¾yd. French canvas.

No. 3.—Requires ⅝yd., 36ins. wide, and ⅝yd. French canvas.

F1997 F3211 F2196 F214 F540

F214.—Appealing little embroidered autumn frock for eight to twelve-year-olds, who will love its cosy useful pockets. Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F1997.—For the not-so-slims, an important-occasions frock with simulated overdress caught at the neck with a soft bow tie, and buttons at the gathered waistline. 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide, ⅝yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F3211.—Pouch pockets and soft shoulder-gathers give an interesting fashion note to this perfectly-tailored afternoon frock. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2196.—Suitable for slender figures, this youth-making frock has bodice and skirt top softly gathered to inset front panel. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F540.—Dinner date suit, with attractive frilled yoke to frame your face alluringly above the table. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 368A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 165C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
TASMANIA: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.) Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....
STREET .....
SUBURB .....
TOWN .....
STATE .....
SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 8/5/'43.

Fashion Frock Service

"FREDA"

Attractive Afternoon Frock

HERE is a charming afternoon frock with a slender-making long-waisted effect, and gathered fullness in the centre-front of the skirt.

"FREDA" is interpreted in a flat crepe, with a dull finish in shades of burgundy, grey, dusty-pink, light navy, light saxe, black, and royal-blue.

Sizes 32, 34-inch bust. Ready to wear, 49/11 (13 coupons); cut out only, 38/11 (13 coupons).

Sizes 36, 38, 40-inch bust. Ready to wear, 54/6 (13 coupons); cut out only, 42/6 (13 coupons).

Postage, 1/9½ extra.

How to obtain "FREDA." In N.S.W., obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498RR, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given at left. When ordering be sure to state bust measurements and name of model.

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Now is the time to save★...

...and PLAN

FOR A BETTER STANDARD OF LIVING
IN THE PEACEFUL POST WAR YEARS

SOON we should be within sight of peace. The dreams you have had . . . the plans you have made . . . will be that much closer to reality. So *now* is the time to save, and be ready when victory brings peace, to build the home you've dreamed about, improve and modernize the home you have, and so enjoy to the full the future that lies beyond the war.

In your planning you'll find a score of uses for the Masonite boards . . . for floorings and lining, for a beautiful modern kitchen and bathroom, for extra guest rooms, for furniture, for all the purposes which justify the description of Masonite — The Wonder Board of 1000 uses.

By then, Masonite—now almost exclusively used for defence work — will be available for your use.

MASONITE
THE WONDER BOARD OF 1000 USES

TEMPERED PRESDWOOD PRESDWOOD
TEMPRTILE . . . QUARTRBOARD DE LUXE

Manufactured by MASONITE CORPORATION (AUST.) LTD. from wood fibre.
Distributors: THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.
(Building Materials Division)
SYDNEY . . . MELBOURNE . . . BRISBANE . . . ADELAIDE . . . PERTH

★ INVEST YOUR SAVINGS IN WAR BONDS FOR POST-WAR USE

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BEWARE of the steam from a boiling kettle when cooking. See that all handles of saucepans and pans are firm. (Above right): When cleaning the chimney keep your head out, or wear glasses to protect eyes.

Guard against accidents in your home . . . By MEDICO

● Kitchen and bathroom scene of many disasters; highly polished floors responsible for countless broken limbs. Broken glass, jagged tins also on danger list.

"MOTHER'S burnt herself, doctor. Could you come quickly?" said Betty Field's voice anxiously over the phone.

It was a pan of boiling fat that had done the damage, a burn from elbow to wrist, and it hadn't been helped by a liberal smearing of butter.

"I just couldn't think what to do," said Betty tearfully.

"A compress of strong tea would have been better," I said, getting the butter off as carefully as I could, "and tannic acid jelly would have been better still."

When we had her mother comfortable I gave Betty some first-aid hints.

"You never know when they may be needed," I told her, "and you won't feel so helpless next time."

Home may be sweet, but it's not as safe as it might be. The kitchen and bathroom hold pride of place. Stoves and electrical appliances are closely followed by tin-openers and broken glass. Highly-polished floors are the cause of more broken limbs than I care to think, and pins, needles and scissors do their share.

For burns tannic acid jelly is soothing and healing; failing this, strong tea will give some relief. In a mild burn a strong solution of baking soda is a help, but carron oil, picric acid and fats or oils are outmoded by modern medical science.

Extensive burn—danger!

IF a burn is extensive (the seriousness of a burn depends more on the area it covers rather than its depth) keep the patient warm, and give hot drinks until the doctor comes.

If anyone slips on the polished floor or falls from a rocky ladder the first thing to do is to see how badly one is hurt, whether there are any broken bones, or just a few bruises and a shaking.

Prevention is better than cure.

Have a strong, well-built step-ladder in the house and use it. A box or a chair on a table is an invitation to an accident.

You can usually tell a fracture by gently running your fingers over the bone and feeling the break, or by comparing the broken limb with the whole one; the broken part can't be used, and it may be bent at an unnatural angle.

Don't shift the victim; send for a doctor immediately.

Besides the pain that movement causes, the broken ends of the bone may cut the blood vessels or injure the muscles. Make the patient comfortable, place the limb in a normal position, and hold it with splints.

An easy home-made splint is several thickly-rolled newspapers and some handkerchiefs.

Clean hands and clean material are the order for any injury, especially for cuts, both large or small.

Keep a clean tin or canister with tight-fitting lid filled with two-inch squares of old linen. Launder them well before cutting up, then bake the tin and contents in a slow oven for an hour to sterilise.

Paste some red paper in the shape of a red cross and leave it handy for emergency.

IN ORDER to keep the skin of her hands soft and supple Donna Reed, MGM player, pictured above, applies cream and then slips on an old pair of cotton gloves. This can be done nightly.

Beauty Hints

WHEN you massage your scalp remember that the fingers should grip and move the skin, not slip over it. The top of your head is about the only part of your body which does not receive exercise, and, consequently, the blood may become sluggish. Invigorate those relaxed scalp glands with plenty of massage.

* * *

RAINWATER is marvellous for the hair. It brings out the color and makes it soft and fluffy. Next time it rains secure two or three large bowls full and boil it up for your shampoo. You will be delighted with the result.

* * *

IF your nose is large you must have a brim on your hat.

* * *

THOSE of you who have run out of polish are advised to buff your nails with a little face powder. Consistently carried out, the nails take on a smooth, healthy glow.

* * *

ORDINARY cold cream or lanoline rubbed gently on to the elbows regularly will remove all signs of roughness.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARIES CENTRAL BUREAU

OCEAN HOUSE
34 MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY

Girls and women wishing to join one of the following Auxiliaries may apply at the Bureau or to National Service Offices in the districts in which they reside:—

WOMEN'S ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVAL SERVICE

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S ARMY SERVICE

VOLUNTARY AIDS (Full Time Service)

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S LAND ARMY

Particulars of service and application forms are available for all services. Women in certain categories are eligible for enlistment or enrolment only under specified conditions, which will be explained when applicants call at the Central Bureau or National Service Offices.

C. J. Bellemore,
DEPUTY DIRECTOR GENERAL OF MANPOWER, N.S.W.

QUALITY HAS NOT BEEN RATIONED!

Always LOOK FOR THE NAME MORLEY ON UNDERWEAR

Distinguished American Beauty

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Whitney. In America, this lovely member of society is known as "dare-devil 'Liz' Whitney." She earned this title through her dare-devil riding and exciting beauty. She too is a devotee of the Pond's beauty ritual. She uses Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, and Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base. Used together, Pond's two creams keep skin flawlessly lovely, soft and smooth.

Pond's Cold Cream for soft-smooth cleansing. Pat it in over face and throat—a little will do, because Pond's goes so much further. Now wipe off. Your face feels clean as rain, soft as silk.

Pond's Vanishing Cream —a much-loved powder base. Apply *lightly* before make-up. It's non-greasy. Takes and holds powder with velvet smoothness — and helps protect against wind and weather, too!

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You're in this picture whacking into Tasty KRAFT CHEESE SANDWICHES!

Cut lunch for a War Worker?

Remember that cut lunch has to do the work of a regular meal for health and energy. For well-balanced lunch pack two kinds of sandwiches daily . . . one with meat or cheese filling, the other with vegetable filling. And always put in a piece of fresh fruit or salad vegetables for vitamins.

Cut that Kraft Cheddar in thick slices to make the most of its rich cheese goodness. Or shred Kraft Cheddar and blend with other favourite sandwich fillings for variety.

More appetising sandwich fillings . . . shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese with chopped cooked spinach or water-cress and a squeeze of lemon juice. Or shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese blended with chopped apple, finely minced onion or grated raw carrot.

Economy tip! Buy your Kraft Cheddar Cheese from the 5 lb. loaf at your grocer's. It's more economical, more convenient, because each slice just fits a slice of sandwich bread.

You're lunching at the canteen when you're in town on leave, or at the cafetaria in your war production factory or workshop . . ., and whenever you want a quick, tasty and nourishing lunch, you simply ask for the best sandwiches of all, KRAFT CHEESE sandwiches.

You'll go for the fresh-tasting flavour of those Kraft Cheddar Cheese sandwiches. They've got what it takes to tickle your taste buds. And Kraft Cheddar Cheese puts stamina into sandwiches too. It will help to keep you going right through the busiest afternoon.

Remember, it takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese. That means Kraft Cheddar is packed with all the concentrated nourishment of milk. It is a first class body building food . . . and a "protective" food, rich in vitamin A, the anti-infective vitamin which helps to build up resistance to colds and flu . . . and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, which are needed for building strong bones, sound teeth.

And that's why Kraft Cheddar helps supply food values which you must have daily for good health and vitality. Enjoy delicious, nourishing Kraft Cheddar Cheese sandwiches regularly for your lunch.

Issued by the Kraft Nutrition Department who feel that to-day, more than ever before, we must know the foods which are really "protective" and how to include them in our daily meals.

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Crunchy biscuits and home-made sweets...

● Wives, mothers, and sweethearts of boys at battle stations! These recipes have been specially planned so that you can make the most delicious cookies and sweets for them. Get busy at once!

WHEN A MAIL BRINGS A PARCEL filled with crisp, crunchy biscuits and delicious home-made sweets there's sure to be a celebration at the battle station. Recipes for all those pictured above, including the snowflake cake, are given on this page.

By Our Cookery Expert

REMEMBER this: Your efforts will be well rewarded by the smiles of satisfaction, for nothing tastes as good as a "box of cookies from home."

By the way, you'll want them to end up intact, so here's a few points to see they do. Use a flat tin or box if they are not going far.

Spread the bottom with wax or tissue paper, and place layers of shredded paper between each row.

Wrap each cookie in waxed paper if there's any danger of sticking.

Pack firmly and leave no spaces.

Seal the tin with adhesive tape or paper.

BUTTERSCOTCH SNAPS

Half-cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Melt the butter and add the brown sugar. Stir over a low heat until well blended. Allow to cool. Sift together the flour, baking powder, and salt, and add the nuts. Beat the eggs and pour into the butter and sugar. Add the dry ingredients and blend well together. Roll into greaseproof paper, and chill in the refrigerator or ice chest until firm.

Cut into slices, and bake on a greased slide in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Allow to cool on the tin.

Note: In cold weather the biscuit mixture may be left overnight to become sufficiently firm to cook.

FLAKED SHORTCAKES

Two tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, vanilla, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind.

Cream together the butter and sugar and add the orange rind. Beat the egg and add to the mixture, then fold in the sifted flour. Crush some flaked cereals, and drop teaspoons of the biscuit mixture in, completely covering each. Place on a greased cookie slide, and bake in the upper half of a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) from 12 to 15 minutes.

WATER WAFERS

Two cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt, water.

Rub the butter into the well-sifted flour, salt, and baking powder. Mix to rather a stiff dough with water. Turn on to a floured board and roll thinly. Cut into squares or rounds and prick with a fork. Cook on a greased slide in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) from 10 to 15 minutes.

CHEESE WAFERS

Add ½ cup of grated cheese to the mixture, and make as above. Sprinkle with cayenne, and bake in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.)

SHORTBREAD

Nine ounces plain flour, 2oz. rice flour, 7oz. butter, 3oz. icing sugar, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt.

Cream the butter and add the sugar gradually. Sift together the plain flour, rice flour, baking powder and salt, and work into the butter and sugar. Press evenly into a well-greased cake tin and decorate with sliced cherries and split almonds. Cook in the upper half of a moderately hot oven (350 deg. F.) from 25 to 30 minutes. Cut into finger lengths and allow to cool in the tin.

CHERRY CRISPS

Four ounces butter, 9oz. sugar, 14oz. self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 gill milk, vanilla, sugar to roll, pinch of salt, sliced cherries (crystallised).

Cream the butter and sugar and add the well-beaten egg and vanilla. Sift the flour and add alternately with the milk. The mixture should be firm. Turn on to a floured board, roll thinly and glaze with egg. Score the whole surface with a fork and cut into rounds with a floured cutter. Sprinkle lightly with sugar and press a piece of cherry into the centre of each. Place on a greased slide and cook in the upper half of a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) from 10 to 15 minutes.

DATE BARS

Two cups self-raising flour, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, ½lb dates, 1 tablespoon fruit juice, ½ teaspoon nutmeg.

Sift the flour and salt, rub in the butter, and mix to a firm dough with beaten eggs and milk. Turn on to a floured board, divide in two and roll thinly. Chop the dates, add the fruit juice and nutmeg, and stir over a low heat until the mixture is smooth. Allow to cool. Spread on one-half of the biscuit pastry and cover with the remainder. Glaze and score the top and cut into small finger lengths. Cook on a greased slide in the upper half of a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) from 12 to 15 minutes.

SNOWFLAKE CAKE

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 6oz. self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, vanilla essence.

Beat the butter and sugar to a cream and add gradually the well-beaten eggs. Sift the flour with a pinch of salt and add alternately with the milk to the butter and sugar. Flavor with vanilla. Turn into a greased bar tin and bake in the upper half of a moderately hot oven (350 deg. F.) from 30 to 35 minutes. Allow to cool and cover with frosting:

Two egg-whites, 1½ cups sugar, 4 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar or substitute, vanilla.

Place the egg-whites, sugar and water in a basin and beat over boiling water until thick—about 10 minutes. Add the cream of tartar and vanilla and continue beating until the correct consistency to spread over the cake. To keep the frosting soft, ½ cup marshmallow may be added just before removing from the heat.

MELTING MOMENTS

Four ounces butter, 2oz. icing sugar, 1oz. cornflour, 3oz. plain flour, vanilla essence, pinch salt.

Filling: Lemon juice, 2 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon condensed milk.

Cream together the butter and icing sugar, and add the vanilla essence. Using the back of a wooden spoon, work in the well-sifted flour, cornflour and salt.

Roll into small balls between the palms of the hands, place on a greased slide and flatten each with the back of a fork.

Cook in the upper half of a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) from 10 to 15 minutes or until a pale fawn color. When cold join together with the filling.

For Filling: Mix lemon juice, icing sugar and condensed milk well together.

FONDANT

One and a half pounds crystallised sugar, ½ pint water, 1 tablespoon glucose, pinch of cream of tartar.

Place the sugar, water, and glucose in a saucepan over a low gas and boil gently until the sugar is dissolved. Increase the heat and boil to 240 deg. F. (soft ball test in cold water). Pour into a wetted basin and beat with a wooden spoon until thick. Flavor and color as desired and wrap in greaseproof paper until required.

SWEET SUGGESTIONS WITH FONDANT BASE

Ribbon Creams: Roll three different colored pieces of fondant separately. Place one layer on top of another, alternating the colors. Cut into blocks and wrap in cellophane.

Date Creams: Remove the stones from the dates and fill each with a piece of colored fondant.

Peppermint Wafers: Melt a portion of the fondant in a double saucepan, add green coloring and flavor with peppermint. Heat a teaspoon and drop spoonsful of the sweet mixture on to greased paper.

Fruity Bars: Roll the fondant into a long, narrow strip, cover with mixed fruits, glaze, and roll up. Cut into ½in. slices.

FRENCH JELLIES

Two pounds crystal sugar, 2oz. gelatine, 2½ cups water.

Soak gelatine in 1 cup of cold water. Boil sugar and remainder of water, stirring until boiling. Add gelatine. Boil 20 minutes, skimming well while boiling. It is important to remove scum, or jellies will not be clear. Pour into flat moulds or plates, and allow to become thoroughly cold. Cut into flat moulds or plates and allow to become thoroughly cold. Cut into squares, roll in icing sugar. The coloring and flavorings should be added immediately the jelly is put in the plate or mould.

MARSHMALLOWS

Two cups sugar, ½ cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons glucose, ½ cup boiling water, flavoring.

Dissolve sugar and glucose in one quantity of boiling water and dissolve the gelatine in other quantity of boiling water. Mix together and beat until the mixture thickens. Color and flavor. Pour into wetted dish to set. Cut into small blocks and roll in icing sugar or browned coconut.

BUTTERSCOTCH

One pound white sugar, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon glucose, 1 gill water, 2oz. butter, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Boil sugars, glucose, water and cream of tartar to 290 deg. F. (straw color and crack test). Add butter. Pour into greased tins and mark before it is cold.

Note.—Nuts may be dipped into butterscotch and lifted on to a buttered tin to cool, e.g., buttered almonds.

BARLEY SUGAR

One pound loaf sugar, 1 tablespoon glucose, ½ cup water, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, flavoring essence.

Boil sugar, glucose, water and cream of tartar to 290 deg. F. (straw color and crack test in cold water). Cool slightly and then pour on to cold, oiled slab or tin. When cold enough to handle, pull and twist with oiled fingers.

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FAMOUS HAIR TONIC

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HARBUTT'S
'Plasticine'

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To add to your recipe folder . . .

SAVORY DISHES

● Most interesting, appetite-provoking dishes win cash prizes this week in our recipe contest . . . Send in your family favorite—it may win a prize for you.

COLD blows the wind and keen grows the appetite.

Recipes this week are weather conscious. They taste good, too . . . Piping-hot onions, stuffed with minced liver and served juicy and tender in short-pastry cases, go well on a winter's night.

The batter crust pie is a pleasure to serve, crisp-topped and golden brown with delicious savory filling below.

The oatmeal pancakes are a new order for breakfast. Serve them with golden syrup, or with a brown bacon-flavored sauce; you can think up other ways.

Macaroni is a versatile foodstuff and changes its form from the simple, lightly-set nursery custard to a sophisticated savory featuring mushroom and oysters; this prime recipe for macaroni scramble is a budget dish.

THE recipe for roseberry jam given on this page will interest you if you live in a district where the wild rose flourishes. The rose-hip is leaping to fame.

WINTER SALADS are a protection against cold-weather ailments. This salad is made from parboiled whole cabbage stuffed with diced vegetables and grated cheese. Serve with your favorite dressing.

CURRIED ONION CRISPS

Peel 2lb. medium size onions, wipe, remove centre, and blanch onions in boiling water for five minutes. Mix together ½ cup minced bacon, 1 cup minced liver, 2oz. chopped nuts, and 1 apple, peeled, cored, and chopped; then add 1 teaspoon curry powder and 2oz. crumbs.

Bind with a beaten egg. Season with pepper and salt, and press some of this mixture into each onion. When each is full cover the holes at the tops with some short pastry to prevent any juice from coming out, or wrap the whole onion in pastry. Place in a large baking-dish, add a little stock and bake in a moderate oven till tender.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Uren, Clarence Gardens, S.A.

MMNN! HOT SAVORY PANCAKES—delicious for a change. Serve freshly made and spread with grated cheese, chutney, or roll with hot sizzling bacon.

SAUSAGE ROCKIES

Take the required sausages and skin and cut each into about three. Beat one egg well and add about ½ cup self-raising flour. To this mixture add 1 teacup breadcrumbs and sufficient milk to make a fairly stiff batter.

Drop the small pieces of sausage into the batter and see each has a plentiful coat of the batter. Fry a golden brown in steaming fat. Serve piping hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Haughton, 168 Carrington Rd., Coogee, N.S.W.

FISH AND TOMATO SAVORY

Skin 4 large tomatoes, cut two into slices, place on bottom of casserole or piedish, and sprinkle with a little salt and pepper, and a little sugar. Lay 2 fillets of fish on top of tomatoes and sprinkle with a little lemon juice and salt.

Cut the other 2 tomatoes into slices, lay on top of fish, sprinkle with a layer of breadcrumbs and a few "nuts" of butter. Lastly, add a layer of finely-grated cheese, put cover on and bake 2 hours in slow oven.

Remove cover and bake in hot oven another 10 minutes to brown top. If made in a piedish, cover with a sheet of buttered paper.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Vi Allen, 30 Kitchener St., Tamworth, N.S.W.

MACARONI SCRAMBLE

Half-pound macaroni, 1lb. pork sausage-meat, salt and pepper to taste, 3 tomatoes, tablespoon butter.

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water for 20 minutes. While this is boiling, shape sausage-meat into small, round cakes with floured hands. Melt butter in frying-pan and cook meat cakes on both sides until golden brown, then place in hot dish and keep hot in oven.

Strain the macaroni, place in frying-pan with sausage fat, sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste. Cook in fat for ten minutes, turning frequently until cooked all over to a pale brown. Have the tomatoes grilling in halves, and serve the macaroni piled in a dish surrounded with the meat cakes and grilled tomatoes. Serves 5 to 6 persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Mason, 15 Plunkett St., Nowra, N.S.W.

MIXED MEAT PIE WITH BATTER CRUST

Half-pound liver, 1 small kidney, 1 carrot, ½lb. pork steak, 1 onion, pepper and salt, water (or stock).

Batter: 6oz. flour, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon baking powder, milk, salt.

Mix batter as for Yorkshire pudding.

Cut pork, liver, and kidney into slices, prepare and slice carrot and onion. Place all in a casserole and season to taste. Pour in enough water to cover. Simmer gently until tender, then pour in the batter on top of meat, and bake without lid in a fairly hot oven until it has risen and is nicely browned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Henry, 4 Sydney St., Armadale, Vic.

OATMEAL PANCAKES

A way to use up left-over porridge.

Beat up two or three eggs. (To eight dessertspoons of porridge allow two eggs.) Add eggs to porridge and sufficient milk to make a thin batter. Let it stand for a couple of hours and, if needed, add a little more milk. At the last, mix in half a teaspoon of powdered sugar and a tablespoon of cold water. These pancakes will make a good first course if filled with curry, lobster or minced meat, or they can be powdered thickly with grated cheese before rolling.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to R. K. Wilson, Bates St., Homebush, N.S.W.

BARLEY KERNEL PLUM PUDDING

One cup milk, ½ cup seeded raisins, 1 cup barley kernels, ½ cup currants, 1 cup white breadcrumbs, 1 large egg, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda.

Soak barley in the milk overnight, melt butter, and stir in the soda; then add breadcrumbs, sugar, 1 beaten egg, and lastly fruit. Pour into steamer and steam for 3 to 4 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. P. Trethewey, Penneshaw, Kangaroo Island, S.A.

HOME-MADE BRAWN

One and a half pounds shin of beef, knuckle of veal, 2 pig's trotters.

Put trotters and beef on to boil with just enough water to cover, add 4 bay leaves, 6 cloves, 1 teaspoon peppercorns, ½ teaspoon spice, and 1 dessertspoon salt.

Boil for 3 hours, then remove meat. Strip from bones and chop finely. Strain all liquid into a basin, add chopped meat and ½ cup of vinegar. Put back into saucepan and let all come to the boil. Then pour into basins to set. Leave until next day before using. Makes about 3lb. of very tasty brawn at a cost of 1/6.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Lyons, 24 Kensington Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

ROSEBERRY JAM

Gather the berries (hips) from wild roses (sweet briers) after frost has nipped them a beautiful red. Boil well and strain pulp through a fine sieve to remove all hairs. Also stew some apples in a very little water. Boil together 1 cup roseberry pulp, 1 cup apple pulp, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice till it thickens when tried in a saucer.

The jam is a rich apricot color when cooked. A little more lemon juice is sometimes an improvement.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Field, Calulu, Gippsland, Vic.

A food of inestimable value when light diet is indicated

OFTEN, when other foods are rejected by the stomach, Horlicks proves to be the only food that the system will retain and assimilate. Horlicks is easily digested even by the most delicate system.

THE revivifying effect of Horlicks is most marked. It contains milk sugar and malt sugars which pass into the blood-stream very quickly, creating energy and warmth almost immediately.

AS a tissue-repairer, Horlicks is of undoubted value, since it contains a valuable proportion of readily-assimilable protein and a useful percentage of mixed carbohydrates. Thus it definitely assists the physical building-up process after illness.

EVEN when the patient has a poor appetite, Horlicks is welcomed because of its delicious flavour. And the preparation of Horlicks entails no bother or fuss—it needs neither milk nor sugar. The milk is already in Horlicks—rich, full-cream milk—and the natural sugars make it sweet enough for most tastes. Nor is Horlicks expensive.

Horlicks in tins, 3/-, or handy glass jars, 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)

HORLICKS

Psychological dangers of childish ill-health

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE maintenance of good health for their children should be the aim of all parents, and the ideal of all those working for child welfare.

The child who is fit stands a much better chance of a good adjustment to life than a sickly child who is always ailing.

Ill-health causes emotional reactions in the child—and in the parents.

It is the parents' responsibility to help the child over his emotional difficulties—to see that the atmosphere with which they surround him is healthy, and as free from anxiety as possible.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be sent free if a request with stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

LAXETTES, chocolate laxative squares, are gentle in action. LAXETTES are especially suited to the needs of children and nursing mothers. LAXETTES have no underlying taste of medicine.

LAXETTES can be given at any time children require a laxative, just before going to bed is most suitable.

LAXETTES

The correct dose is one-third to one-half a LAXETTE square for children under one year. One-half to one whole LAXETTE square for children aged one to two years. One whole LAXETTE for children two years or older. One and a half LAXETTES is usually sufficient for adults.

Made by the LAXETTE Manufacturing Company. Standard tin 18 Laxettes, 1/7d. Trial tin, 6d.

L.S.2

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For girls in the Services

YOU CAN KNIT THIS GARMENT in khaki or navy. It takes but six ounces of wool, which means the expenditure of three coupons. As you can see, it is similar in design to that worn by servicemen.

● This sleeveless pullover has been designed for freedom of action as well as warmth and comfort.

IN foregoing issues of The Australian Women's Weekly knitting directions were given for servicewoman's scarf, mittens, socks.

At a later date instructions for making balaclava and gloves will be published.

If you have a daughter, sister or friend in the Services here is your opportunity to knit her a complete set of well-designed woollens. Armed with these you can rest assured she will be proof against cold and biting winds of winter.

One pound of wool is sufficient for all the servicewoman's woollies listed above.

Here follow directions for pullover (medium size):

Materials: 6oz. 4-ply wool, 2 No. 12 needles, 2 No. 10 needles. (Loose knitters should use No. 11 needles for body.)

FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 120 sts., k 1, p 1, for 3½ins. Change to No. 10 needles. Work in st.-st. (plain right side, p wrong side) for 8½ins. (12ins. over all, measure from centre of front). Work 24 sts. 1 plain, 1 p each end, and 24 in 1 plain and 1 p in centre (st.-st. between) for 1in.

ARMHOLE AND NECK

Cast off 12 sts. each end (cast off plain sts. plainwise, and p sts. purlwise). Have half the sts. on one needle (48), transfer remaining 48 to a stitch-holder. Working the twelve in 1 p, 1 plain each end, and every row decrease 1 at neck side, on right side of work, every 8th row inside the p and plain band, until 42 sts. remain.

Continue without decreasing until the straight part of the armhole measures 6ins. without stretching (measure from where the last st. was cast off at armhole).

SHOULDER

From armhole edge cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next three rows. Work the remaining 12 in 1 plain, 1 p for 2½ins., and transfer to safety-pin. This forms half the neck-band for back of neck. Work the other side of front the same way. Graft neckband together.

BACK

The back is worked the same way as the front—excluding, of course, the instructions for "V" neck and centre ribbing. For shoulders, cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows; 36 sts. left for neck. Cast off rather tightly to avoid stretching.

TO MAKE

Do not top sew seams together, as this forms a hard ridge. Place the two edges of the two sides together flat across the fingers of left hand, oversew the loops of each side together on wrong side of work. To strengthen the "V" at front where sts. were divided, darn neatly on wrong side. Press pullover with warm iron, using a damp cloth.

For larger size cast on 128 sts. Have 4 extra sts. at shoulder, and armhole measuring 6½ins. instead of 6ins.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

HERE'S a home-made recipe for banishing cockroaches: Mix boracic acid with mashed potato (about half and half), roll into balls and place in their haunts. Keep baits out of the children's reach.

★ ★ ★

WHEN measuring out honey, syrup or treacle first dip spoon or cup in boiling water.

I THOUGHT everybody knew that link or strung-together sausages should be pricked before frying or grilling. But, of course, you can't expect every young cook to know everything.

★ ★ ★

MY knob of blue comes in a paper wrapper. To save time, and risk of streaking clothes, I immediately turn it into a used bluebag "square," several of which I had the gumption to keep and secure with string.

★ ★ ★

I'M told that hot vinegar will work a miracle for you when cleaning windows after removal of black-out paper or muslin. Paste-marks simply vanish before the vinegar onslaught.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE winter comes: Gather as much parsley and mint as you can spare, dry, crush, and bottle for use in lean months. Mint has a way of disappearing in winter-time.

★ ★ ★

TO those who still wear stockings: Wash them after every wearing to remove dust, also perspiration that weakens silk. Squeeze through suds, rinse in three waters. Never wring. Ease into shape, hang over smooth rod. Dry away from heat and sun.

A NEAT WAY of potting jam is shown by Barbara Britton, of Paramount, in the picture above. This method has its advantages. Why not copy?

New *Under-arm* **Cream Deodorant** *safely* **Stops Perspiration**

1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a Jar. Also in 9½d Jars.
At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods
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De Witt's Pills

A GREAT HELP FOR BACKACHE

Backache is often a sign of kidney trouble— heed the danger sign—cleanse and strengthen sluggish kidneys. De Witt's Pills, the trusted formula for prompt and sure relief.

Full directions with each bottle.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Of Chemists and Storekeepers everywhere; prices 1/9, 3/-, 5/9.

"Thank goodness I bought

'Viyella' REGD. and

'Clydella' REGD.

they last . . . and last . . . and last"

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD., BOX 2335PP., G.P.O., SYDNEY

DAY NIGHT WEAR

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Asthma Curbed in 3 minutes

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician, sufferers can get relief from Asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is to take 2 tasteless tablets with meals and Mendaco starts circulating through the blood in 10 minutes. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs and vigour returns.

Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigour returned and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It removes the mucus or phlegm; (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (3) It promotes body vigour, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J. R. writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 40lbs. in weight, suffered coughing every night—couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 2 years." Mrs. A. W. writes: "I had Asthma for 23 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G. E. C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a god-send it is to a poor woman like me who for 35 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel well and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel.

RELIEVES ASTHMA

Mendaco

Now in 2 sizes . . . 6/- and 12/-

For Dangerous Influenza Colds

WOODS' *Great* PEPPERMINT CURE

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FASHION THROUGH THE AGES

THE MEDES AND PERSIANS

FASHIONS among the Medes and Persians took many forms and involved considerable elaboration. Dyeing was a flourishing trade in Asia Minor more than 4,000 years ago. Pigments were obtained from sea and soil, and great use was made of the reds of madder and the rich blues of indigo. The modern dyer whose technique is facilitated and extended by the range of colours manufactured by the I.C.I. Dyestuffs Group, cannot fail to recognise the skill of these ancient craftsmen who had only a few crude materials at their disposal.

THE transition from the methods used in the days of the Medes and the Persians to the synthetic dyestuffs of today is one of the wonders of chemistry. The modern dyestuffs industry is the basis of organic chemistry, and the most notable achievement is the adaption of dyestuff chemistry to manufacturing of pharmaceutical drugs. Similarly, it is the organic chemist who has developed such complex organic products as nylon bristle for tooth brushes, nylon yarn for stockings and dress materials and nylon sutures for surgery . . . "Perspex," an acrylic resin, for all modern aircraft . . . and "Kallodent," from which is made the modern, hygienic denture.

Chemical research still goes on; already it has led to the discovery of many powerful explosives and other chemicals directly for the war effort, but one real service to humanity lies in the discovery of many drugs which bid fair to revolutionise the practice of medicine and surgery.

ICIANZ

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

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THIS PICTURE of Mrs. M. Sanlaville, who wins a cash prize of £1 in our Victory Homes Competition, was taken in a corner of her bright and artistically furnished flat. She designed her own unit furniture; found it to be cheaper than manufactured pieces. She loves bold contrasts, and her furnishings are strikingly attractive. Like thousands of others, she is looking forward to her own "Victory" home.

THEY DO NOT ASK FOR MANSIONS

. . . all want well-designed homes

● Our recent invitation to readers to tell what features they would like incorporated in the homes to be built when this war is won aroused wide interest. Thousands of home-hungry Australians tell us they are planning Victory Homes.

THEIR earnest desires and hopes have been expressed in letters which snowballed into the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly during the past few weeks.

These Australian women do not ask for mansions; they want homes that are well-planned—that are attractive.

They set up a withering barrage of criticism against hideous, uncomfortable, inconvenient homes with dingy kitchens and bathrooms, dust-catching corners, window-sparse walls, poky rooms.

They do not want the jerry-builders to gain control of acreage when the war is over and throw up rows and rows of bricks and mortar, as they did following the last war.

Highlights from letters will be published in a future issue, and these will be forwarded to the Housing Commission, so that this authoritative body will know what our readers—a truly representative section of Australian women and men—really want.

Here follows a prize letter from a reader, Mrs. Sanlaville, of Adderstone Avenue, North Sydney (note picture above), concerning the kind of home she hopes to own after the war.

She writes:

"Here are some of the features that I hope will be incorporated in my post-war home:

"1—**GOOD DESIGN.** I don't want a luxurious home or a pretentious mock-Tudor or pseudo-Spanish affair—just a large-windowed, modern house combining grace and simplicity in its design . . . A house that fits snugly into its surroundings and doesn't shriek at its neighbors.

"Beauty is essential to harmonious living, and we must all strive to improve our taste and our artistic appreciation in order to be able to beautify the land we love.

"I sincerely hope that after this war an artistic standard conforming, say, to ideals set down by an Architectural Board will be incorporated in every building covenant.

"This would put a brake on monstrosities rearing their ugly heads in our beautiful land.

"2—**ARTISTIC PLANTING.** Trees, shrubs and flowers can make a paradise out of a humble dwelling or an unattractive neighborhood. Trees and gardens are not only beautiful, but a good investment, as they increase the value of the property. As an example, compare the property values of certain suburbs with those of others.

"Planting should be done under the guidance of an expert, and whole streets, as well as individual properties, should be landscaped and maintained under a system similar to that which has been employed at Canberra with such success.

"This supervised planting would ensure the beauty of my home and of my street, and would save the disappointment and waste of money which amateur choice of shrubs and trees often causes.

"3—**CUPBOARD SPACE.** American-style, built-in clothes and storage closets would enable me to achieve an effect of spaciousness in a small home. Clothes closets obviate the necessity of unsightly wardrobes and lowboys, and also reduce the cost of furnishing bedrooms to a fraction of the usual expenditure.

"4—**WALLS, CEILINGS, FLOORS.** If attractive, they can give the simplest furniture that 'expensive look.'

"Washable cream or pastel painted walls can be kept spotless and lovely even when there are small children in the home. The usual white ceiling, to my mind, is not beautiful, and is too glaring in our brilliant Australian sunshine. My ceilings will be painted in the same tone as the walls, or even in a contrasting pastel shade.

"Floors should be of sanded and polished hardwood, or else treated with a colorful composition which would be easy to keep clean, and yet give the effect of an attractive wall-to-wall floor covering.

"Most homemakers are compelled to waste their precious savings on cheaper-grade floor coverings, which soon grow shabby, as really good coverings are quite beyond the capacity of the average budget.

"5—**EFFECTIVE LIGHTING.** The stereotyped lighting seen in the majority of homes is not only ugly, but inefficient. My dream home will not have a single centre-ceiling light, but an abundance of wall-lights, reading, and bed lamps, dressing-table lamps, and a really good over-the-sink light for the kitchen.

"This type of lighting does not mean such a great deal of extra expense, but it looks remarkably luxurious!

"6—**BATHROOM.** A colorful, easily cleaned bathroom is a joy to every woman. Even children are attracted by a pretty bathroom and develop an unusual interest in their ablutions when their surroundings please them. A gloomy, dingy bathroom is a standing invitation to 'high-water marks' and unwashed ears.

"A hot water system is the ideal heating medium, but, failing this luxury, a modern colored bath-heater would be efficient and pleasing in my gay bathroom.

"7—**THE KITCHEN.** Last, but not least, comes my dream kitchen. It must be light, airy, and pretty enough to make cooking a pleasure and not a task. It must be easy to clean and possess really ample cupboard and storage space. A hot-water heater over the sink is very desirable, but in this climate I regard a refrigerator as an essential, especially when there are young children in the home.

"Refrigeration should be made available to all, as it offers the only reliable protection for milk, meat, and other foodstuffs. Mass-production and government control of prices would bring this boon to all housewives.

"Here's hoping that my dream home, and every other woman's dream home, will become real homes one day—very soon.—ORIEL SANLAVILLE."

STOP THAT COUGH THAT HACKS AT YOUR CHEST!

Three-way benefit for colds, bronchitis or sore, red throats.

Get MOUNTAIN MIXTURE to-day, and from the first dose you will feel that it is doing you good. Let the warming, penetrating thymus, carrageen and peppermint in this proven triple-acting remedy stop that tapping, hacking cough, soothe your sore, red throat, and ease your breathing. Get blessed relief in a matter of minutes. Buy MOUNTAIN MIXTURE to-day under a guarantee that you get these benefits or your money back.

SOOTHES DEEP DOWN

Moun-tain Mixture

PEPPERMINT

Is he mad about something? You're right, he is. He had figured on spending a nice quiet evening in bed with a good book. That's what he thought! But how could he read in *that* light? "Miss," he roars: "Haven't you ever heard of 'MAZDA' LAMPS?"

WARTIME MORAL

By all means don't waste light but have sufficient to avoid eyestrain. Use correct size MAZDA electric light bulbs in proper fittings. You'll get all the light you pay for and save your sight. Mazda Lamps stay brighter longer.

MAZDA

ELECTRIC LAMPS

They Stay Brighter Longer

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary Limited, distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., England

SOLD BY ELECTRICAL AND HARDWARE STORES AND BY ALL COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA.

"A nurse has to be on her toes in the baby ward! That's why on 'difficult days' I'm doubly grateful for Miracle Modess. It has a wonderfully soft filler of fluff. It doesn't bother me nowadays if I have to be on the go—with Miracle Modess I'm gloriously comfortable."

Get Modess today, it is more economical! With Modess you'll enjoy greater peace of mind—and it's more economical.

Modess

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Situation well in hand . . . .

Guard the loveliness of your skin with the simple beauty care of Palmolive

WITH CUPID on a wartime schedule, a girl can't even guess when she'll meet the Romance of her life. "Be prepared!" That must be your beauty motto for days when beauty is more important than ever!

And it's *so* easy to keep your loveliness always ready, if you rely on Palmolive's help. For Palmolive *alone*, among all leading soaps, is made with Olive and Palm Oils . . . those beauty-aids treasured since time began.

You'll find Palmolive's lather *different* . . . smooth as silk-and-cream! Use it faithfully in your daily facials. Let it caress your skin . . . cleanse it thoroughly . . . leave it fresh and alluring. Then, you'll *know* why more women choose Palmolive, as an aid-to-loveliness, than any other beauty soap in all the world!

Why not let gentle Palmolive guard *your* Schoolgirl Complexion, and keep the situation well in hand?

Remember

PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY OILS . . .

olive and palm oils — no others — go into the making of Palmolive. Look for the olive color.

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NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . *Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion*

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